

THE 116 33. 32
WANDERER:
A
POEM.

IN FIVE CANTO'S.

By RICHARD SAVAGE, Son of the late
Earl RIVERS.

Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave surgit. Virg.



LONDON:

Printed for J. WALTHOE, over-against the
Royal Exchange, in Cornhill. 1729.

[Price Two Shillings.]

Gowers Fitzger

1730





To the Right Honourable

J O H N,

*Lord Viscount Tyrconnel,
Baron Charleville, and Lord
Brownlowe: Knight of the
Bath.*

My LORD,



A R T of this POEM had
the Honour of your
Lordship's Perusal when
in Manuscript, and it was no
small Pride to me, when it met with

iv *DEDICATION.*

Approbation from so distinguishing a Judge : Should the rest find the like Indulgence, I shall have no Occasion (whatever its Success may be in the World) to repent the Labour it has cost me. --- But my Intention is not to pursue a Discourse on my own Performance ; No, my Lord, it is to embrace this Opportunity of throwing out Sentiments that relate to your Lordship's Goodness, the Generosity of which, give me Leave to say, I have greatly experienc'd.

I offer it not as a new Remark, that Dependance on the Great, in former Times, generally terminated in Disappointment ; nay, even their Bounty (if it could be
called

DEDICATION. v

called such) was in its very Nature ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held thro' an indolent, or wilful Neglect, 'till those, who lingered in the Want of it, grew almost past the Sense of Comfort. At length it came, too often, in a Manner, that half cancell'd the Obligation, and, perchance, must have been acquired too by some previous Act of Guilt in the Receiver, the Consequence of which was Remorse and Infamy.

But *that I live*, my Lord, is a Proof that Dependance on your Lordship, and the present Ministry, is an Assurance of Success. I am persuaded Distress, in many other Instances, affects your Soul with a Compassion, that always
shews

vi *DEDICATION.*

shews itself in a manner most humane and active ; that to forgive Injuries, and confer Benefits, is your Delight ; and that to deserve your Friendship is to deserve the Countenance of the best of Men : To be admitted into the Honour of your Lordship's Conversation (permit me to speak but Justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive, as well as entertaining, Parts of Literature ; it is to be furnish'd with the finest Observations upon human Nature, and to receive from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning Candour, the worthiest and most polite Maxims ----- Such as are always enforc'd by the Actions of your own Life. I could also take Notice of your many publick-

DEDICATION. vii

lick - spirited Services to your Country in Parliament, and your constant Attachment to Liberty, and the Royal, Illustrious House of our Most *Gracious Sovereign* ; But, my Lord, believe me, your own Deeds are the noblest and fittest Orators to speak your Praise, and will elevate it far beyond the Power of a much abler Writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my View from your Lordship's Virtues to the kind Influence of them, which has been so lately shed upon me ; and then, if my future Morals and Writings shall gain any Approbation from Men of Parts and Probity, I must acknowledge all to be the Product of your
Lordship's

viii *DEDICATION.*

Lordship's Goodness to me. I
must, in fine, say with *Horace*,

Quod spiro, & placeo (si placeo) tuum est.

I am, with the highest Grati-
tude and Veneration,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Dutiful

And Devoted Servant,

R. SAVAGE.



THE
WANDERER.
A
VISION.
In Five CANTOS.

CANTO I.



AIN wou'd my Verse, TYRCONNEL,
[boast thy Name,
BROWNLOW, at once my Subject, and
[my Fame !
Oh ! cou'd that Spirit, which thy
[Bosom warms,
Whose Strength surprizes, and whose Goodness
[charms !
That various Worth ! — cou'd that inspire my
[Lays,
Envy shou'd smile, and Censure learn to praise :

Yet, tho' unequal to a Soul, like thine,
A generous Soul, approaching to Divine,
When blest'd beneath such Patronage I write,
Great my Attempt, tho' hazardous my Flight.

O'er ample Nature I extend my Views ;
Nature to rural Scenes invites the Muse :
She flies all public Care, all venal Strife,
To try the *Still*, compar'd with *Active* Life ;
To prove, by these the Sons of Men may owe
The Fruits of Bliss to bursting Clouds of Woe,
That ev'n Calamity, by Thought refin'd,
Inspirits, and adorns the thinking Mind.

Come, CONTEMPLATION, whose unbounded Gaze,
Swift in a Glance, the Course of Things, surveys ;

Who in *Thy-self* the various View can't find
Of Sea, Land, Air, and Heav'n, and human Kind ;
What Tides of Passion in the Bosom roll ;
What Thoughts debase, and what exalt the Soul ;
Whose Pencil paints, obsequious to thy Will,
All thou survey'st, with a creative Skill !
Oh, leave a-while thy lov'd, sequester'd Shade !
A-while in wintry Wilds vouchsafe thy Aid !
Then waft me to some olive, bow'ry Green ;
Where, cloath'd in white, thou shew'st a Mind
[serene ;
Where kind *Content* from Noise, and Court retires,
And smiling sits, while Muses tune their Lyres :
Where *Zephyrs* gently breathe, while *Sleep* profound
To their soft Fanning nods, with Poppies crown'd,
Sleep on a Treasure of bright Dreams reclines,
By thee bestow'd ; whence *Fancy* colour'd shines,

And flutters round his Brow a hov'ring Flight,
Varying her Plumes in visionary Light.

The solar Fires now faint, and watry burn,
Just where with Ice *Aquarius* frets his Urn !
If thaw'd, full-issue from its Mouth severe,
Raw Clouds, that sadden all th'inverted Year.

When FROST and FIRE with martial Pow'rs en-
FROST, northward, fled the War, unequal wag'd !
Beneath the Pole his Legions urg'd their Flight,
And gain'd a Cave profound, and wide as Night.
O'er chearless Scenes by Defolation own'd,
High on an Alp of Ice he sits enthron'd !
One clay-cold Hand, his crystal Beard, sustains,
And scepter'd One, o'er Wind, and Tempest, reigns ;

O'er stony Magazines of Hail, that storm
The blossom'd Fruit, and flow'ry Spring deform.
His languid Eyes, like frozen Lakes, appear,
Dim-gleaming all the Light, that wanders here.
His Robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with Age ;
A nitrous Damp, that strikes petrific Death. ^[his Breath]

Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the Northern Main,
That checks, and renders Navigation vain ;
That, shut against the Sun's dissolving Ray,
Scatters the trembling Tides of vanquish'd Day,
And stretching *Eastward* half the World secures,
Defies Discov'ry, and like Time endures !

Now FROST sent boreal Blasts to scourge the
To bind the Streams, and leave the Landscape bare ; ^{[Air,}

From *Sleep* a Dream distinct, and lively Claim ;
Clear let the Vision strike the Moral's Aim !
It comes ! I feel it o'er my Soul serene !
Still *Morn* begins, and *Frost* retains the Scene !

Hark ! — the loud Horn's enlivening Note's
[begun !
From Rock to Vale sweet-wand'ring Echoes run !
Still floats the Sound shrill-winding from afar !
Wild Beasts astonish'd dread the Sylvan War !
Spears to the Sun in Files embattled play,
March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the Fray !

Swans, Ducks, and Geese, and the wing'd, Winter
[Brood,
Chatter discordant on yon echoing Flood !

At *Babel* thus, when Heav'n the Tongue con-
[founds,
Sudden a thousand different, jargon Sounds,

Like jangling Bells, harsh-mingling, grate the Ear !
 All stare ! all talk ! all mean ; but none cohere !
 Mark ! wiley Fowlers meditate their Doom,
 And smoky *Fate* speeds thund'ring thro' the Gloom !
 Stop'd short, they cease in airy Rings to fly,
 Whirl o'er, and o'er, and, flutt'ring, fall and die.

Still Fancy wafts me on ! deceiv'd I stand,
 Estrang'd, adventurous on a foreign Land !
 Wide and more wide extends the Scene unknown !
 Where shall I turn, a *Wanderer*, and alone ?

From hilly Wilds, and Depths where Snows re-
 My winding Steps up a steep Mountain strain !
 [main,
 Emers'd a-top I mark the Hills subside,
 And Tow'rs aspire but with inferior Pride !

On this bleak Height tall Firs, with Ice-work
Bend, while their flaky Winter shades the Ground !
[crown'd,
Hoarse, and direct, a blust'ring North-wind blows !
On Boughs, thick-rustling, crack the crispid Snows !
Tangles of Frost half fright the wilder'd Eye,
By Heat oft blacken'd like a low'ring Sky !
Hence down the Side two turbid Riv'lets pour,
And devious Two, in one huge Cat'ract, roar !
While pleas'd the watry Progress I pursue,
Yon Rocks in rough Assemblage rush in View !
In form an Amphitheatre they rise ;
And a dark Gulph in their broad Center lies.
There the dim'd Sight with dizzy Weakness fails,
And Horror o'er the firmest Brain prevails !
Thither these Mountain-streams their Passage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful Lake !

The Lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd Store deriv'd a River flows ;
Which deep'ning travels thro' a distant Wood,
And, thence emerging, meets a Sister-flood ;
Mingled they flash on a wide-opening Plain,
And pass yon City to the far-seen Main.

So blend two Souls by Heav'n for Union made,
And strength'ning forward, lend a mutual Aid,
And prove in ev'ry transient Turn their Aim,
Thro' finite Life to infinite the same.

Nor ends the Landscape---Ocean, to my Sight,
Points a blue Arm, where sailing Ships delight,
In Prospect lessen'd ! ——— Now new Rocks, rear'd
Stretch a cross Ridge, and bar the curious Eye !
[high,

There lies obscur'd the ripening Diamond's Ray,
And thence red-branching Coral's rent away.
In conic Form there gelid Cryftal grows ;
Thro' such the Palace-Lamp, gay Luftre, throws !
Luftre, which, thro' dim Night, as various plays,
As play from yonder Snows the changeful Rays !
For nobler Use the Cryftal's Worth may rife,
If Tubes perspective hem the fpotlefs Prize ;
Thro' thefe the Beams of the far-lengthen'd Eye
Meafure known Stars, and new remoter fpy.
Hence *Commerce* many a fhorten'd Voyage fteers,
Shorten'd to Months, the Hazard once of Years ;
Hence HALLEY's Soul ethereal Flight effays ;
Instructive there from Orb to Orb fhe ftrays ;
Sees, round new countlefs Suns, new Systems roll !
Sees God in *All* ! and magnifies the Whole !

The Lake, high-f swelling, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd Store deriv'd a River flows ;
Which deep'ning travels thro' a distant Wood,
And, thence emerging, meets a Sister-flood ;
Mingled they flash on a wide-opening Plain,
And pass yon City to the far-seen Main.

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And strength'ning forward, lend a mutual Aid,
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Nor ends the Landscape---Ocean, to my Sight,
Points a blue Arm, where sailing Ships delight,
In Prospect lessen'd ! ——— Now new Rocks, rear'd
Stretch a cross Ridge, and bar the curious Eye!^{[high,}

There lies obscur'd the ripening Diamond's Ray,
And thence red-branching Coral's rent away.
In conic Form there gelid Cryfal grows ;
Thro' such the Palace-Lamp, gay Luftre, throws !
Luftre, which, thro' dim Night, as various plays,
As play from yonder Snows the changeful Rays !
For nobler Use the Cryfal's Worth may rife,
If Tubes perspective hem the fpotlefs Prize ;
Thro' thefe the Beams of the far-lengthen'd Eye
Meafure known Stars, and new remoter fpy.
Hence *Commerce* many a fhorten'd Voyage fteers,
Shorten'd to Months, the Hazard once of Years ;
Hence HALLEY's Soul ethereal Flight effays ;
Instructive there from Orb to Orb fhe ftrays ;
Sees, round new countlefs Suns, new Systems roll !
Sees God in *All* ! and magnifies the Whole !

Yon rocky Side enrich'd the Summer Scene,
And Peasant's Search with Herbs of healthful
Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies, [Green ;
Like Youth extended cold in Death's Disguise.
There, while without the founding Tempest swells,
Incav'd secure th'exulting Eagle dwells ;
And there, when Nature owns prolific Spring,
Spreads o'er her Young a fondling Mother's Wing.
Swains on the Coast the far-fam'd Fish descry,
That gives the fleecy Robe the *Tyrian* Dye ;
While Shells, a scatter'd Ornament, bestow ;
The tinctur'd Rivals of the show'ry Bow.
Yon limeless Sands, loose-driving with the Wind,
In future Cauldrons useful Texture find,
Till, on the Furnace thrown, the glowing Mass
Brightens, and bright'ning hardens into Glass.

When winter Halcyons, flick'ring on the Wave,
Tune their Complaints, yon Sea forgets to rave;
Tho' lash'd by Storms, which naval Pride o'erturn,
The foaming Deep in Sparkles seems to burn,
Loud Winds turn Zephyrs to enlarge their Notes,
And each safe Nest on a calm Surface floats.

Now veers the Wind full East; and keen, and
[fore,
Its cutting Influence akes in ev'ry Pore!

How weak thy Fabrick, Man! — A Puff, thus
[blown,
Staggers thy Strength, and echoes to thy Groan.

A Tooth's minutest Nerve let Anguish seize,
Swift kindred Fibres catch! (so frail our Ease!)

Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, inflam'd, and unaf-
[suag'd,
'They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot en-
[rag'd!
From Nerve to Nerve fierce flies th'exulting
[Pain!
—And are we of this mighty Fabrick vain?

Now

Now my Blood chills ! scarce thro' my Veins it
 Sure on each Blast a shiv'ring Ague rides ! ^{[glides !}

Warn'd let me this bleak Eminence forsake,
 And to the Vale a diff'rent Winding take !

Half I descend : My Spirits fast decay ;
 A Terrass now relieves my weary Way.
 Close with this Stage a Precipice combines ;
 Whence still the spacious Country far declines !
 The Herds seem Insects in the distant Glades,
 And Men diminish'd, as at Noon their Shades !
 Thick on this Top o'ergrown for Walks are seen
 Grey, leafless Wood, and winter Greens between !
 The red'ning Berry, deep-ting'd Holly shows,
 And matted Mistleto, the white, bestows !
 Tho', lost the Banquet of autumnal Fruits,
 Tho' on broad Oaks, no vernal Umbrage shoots ;

These

These Boughs, the silenc'd, shiv'ring Songsters
[seek !
These foodful Berries fill the hungry Beak.

Beneath appears a Place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary Mansion of Despair !
The Water of the Mountain-Road, half-stray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown Cascade.

Has Nature this rough, naked Piece design'd,
To hold Inhabitant of mortal Kind ?
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep Descent,
Which opens in a Rock a large Extent !
And hark ! — its hollow Entrance reach'd, I
[hear
A trampling Sound of Footsteps hast'ning near !
A death-like Chillness thwarts my panting Breast :
Soft ! the wish'd Object stands at length confest !

Of Youth his Form ! — But why with Anguish
 Why pin'd with fallow Marks of Discontent ? [bent ?

Yet Patience, lab'ring to beguile his Care,
 Seems to raise Hope, and smiles away Despair.

Compassion in his Eye surveys my Grief,

And in his Voice invites me to Relief.

Preventive of thy Call, behold my haste,

(He says.) Nor let warm Thanks thy Spirits
 All Fear forget — Each Portal I possess, [waste !

Duty wide-opens to receive Distress.

Oblig'd, I follow, by his Guidance led :

The vaulted Roof re-echoing to our Tread !

And now, in squar'd Divisions, I survey

Chambers sequester'd from the Glare of Day ;

Yet needful Lights, are taught to intervene,

Thro' Rifts ; each forming a perspective Scene.

In Front a Parlour meets my ent'ring View ;
Oppos'd, a Room to sweet Refection due.
Here my chill'd Veins are warm'd by chippy Fires,
Thro' the bor'd Rock above, the Smoke expires ;
Neat, o'er a homely Board, a Napkin's spread,
Crown'd with a heapy Canister of Bread.
A Maple Cup is next dispatch'd, to bring
The Comfort of the salutary Spring :
Nor mourn we absent Blessings of the Vine,
Here laughs a frugal Bowl of rosy Wine ;
And fav'ry Cates, upon clear Embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich Repast !
Soon leap my Spirits with enliven'd Pow'r,
And in gay Converse glides the feastful Hour.

The *Hermit*, thus : 'Thou wonder'ft at thy Fare :
 On me, yon City, kind, beftows her Care ;
 Meat for keen Famine, and the gen'rous Juice,
 That warms chill'd Life, her Charities produce :
 Accept without Reward ; unask'd 'twas mine ;
 Here what thy Health requires, as free be thine.
 Hence learn that God, (who, in the Time of Need,
 In frozen Defarts can the Raven feed)
 Well-fought, will delegate fome pitying Breaf, ^{[gloom'd ;}
 His fecond Means, to fuccour Man diftreft.
 He paus'd. Deep Thought upon his Afpect
 Then He, with Smile humane, his Voice refum'd.
 I'm juft inform'd, (and laugh me not to fcorn)
 By One unfeen by thee, thou'rt *Engliſh-born*.
 Of *England* I—To me the *Britiſh* State,
 Rifes, in dear Memorial, ever great !

Here stand we conscious! — Diffidence suspend !
 Free flow our Words! — Did ne'er thy Muse
 To Grotts, where *Contemplation* smiles serene, [extend
 Where Angels visit, and where Joys convene?
 To Groves, where more than mortal Voices rise,
 Catch the rapt Soul, and waft it to the Skies?
 This Cave! — Yon Walks! ---- But e'er I more
 What artful Scenes, thy Eyes shall here behold, [unfold,
 Think Subjects of my Toil : nor wond'ring gaze!
 What cannot *Industry* completely raise?
 Be the whole Earth in one great Landscape found,
 By *Industry* is all with Beauty crown'd!
 He, He alone explores the Mine for Gain,
 Hues the hard Rock, or harrows up the Plain;
 He forms the Sword to smite ; He sheaths the
 Draws Health from Herbs, and shews the Balm [Steel,
 [to heal ;

Or with loom'd Wool the native Robe supplies ;
 Or bids young Plants in future Forests rise ;
 Or fells the monarch Oak ; which, borne away,
 Shall with new Grace the distant Ocean sway ;
 Hence golden *Commerce* views her Wealth encrease,
 The blisful Child of Liberty and Peace.
 He scoops the stubborn *Alps*, and, still employ'd,
 Fills with soft, fertile Mold the steril Void ;
 Slop'd up white Rocks, small, yellow Harvests
 And, green on terrass'd Stages, Vineyards ^{[grow,} blow !
 By him fall Mountains to a level Space,
 An *Isthmus* sinks, and funder'd Seas embrace !
 He founds a City on the naked Shore,
 And Desolation starves the Tract no more.
 From the wild Waves he won the *Belgic* Land ;
 Where wide they foam'd, her Towns, and Traf-
 [ficks stand ;

He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive Ground,
And firms the Conquest with his fenceful Mound.
Ev'n *Mid* the watry World his *Venice* rose,
Each Fabric there, as *Pleasure's* Seat he shows!
There Marts, Sports, Councils are for Action fought,
Landscapes for Health, and Solitude for Thought.
What wonder then I, by his potent Aid,
A Mansion in a barren Mountain made?
Part thou hast view'd!--- If further we explore,
Let *Industry* deserve Applause the more.

No frowning Care yon blest Apartment sees,
There *Sleep* retires, and finds a Couch of Ease.
Kind Dreams, that fly Remorse, and pamper'd
There shed the Smiles of Innocence, and Health. [Wealth,

Mark!---Here descends a Grot, delightful Seat!
Which warms ev'n Winter, tempers Summer's
See! ---Gurgling from a Top, a Spring distils! ^{[Heat?}
In mournful Measures wind the dripping Rills;
Soft Cooes of distant Doves, receiv'd around,
In soothing Mixture, swell the wat'ry Sound;
And hence the Streamlets seek the terrass Shade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Pass on—New Scenes, by my creative Pow'r,
Invite Reflection's sweet, and solemn Hour.

We enter'd, where in well-rang'd Order, stood
Th' instructive Volumes of the Wise and Good.
These Friends (said he) tho' I desert Mankind,
Good Angels never wou'd permit behind.

Each Genius, Youth conceals, or Time displays,
I know; each Work, some Seraph here conveys,
Retirement thus presents my searchful Thought,
What Heav'n inspir'd, and what the Muse has
What YOUNG Satiric, and Sublime has writ, [taught;
Whose Life is Virtue, and whose Muse is Wit.
Rapt I foresee thy * MALLET'S early Aim
Shine in full Worth, and shoot at length to Fame.
Sweet Fancy's Bloom in FENTON'S Lay appears,
And the ripe Judgment of instructive Years.
In HILL is all, that gen'rous Souls revere,
To Virtue, and the Muse for ever dear:
And THOMSON, in this Praise, thy Merit see,
The Tongue, that praises Merit, praises thee.

* Author of a Poem, call'd, *The Excursion*.

These scorn (said I) the *Verse-Wright* of their
 Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless Page ; [Age,
 To whose dim Faculty the meaning Song
 Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong ;
 Who in cant Phrases gives a Work Disgrace ;
 His Wit, an Odnefs of his Tone, and Face ;
 Let the weak Malice, nurs'd to an Essay,
 In some low Libel a mean Heart display ;
 Those, who once prais'd, now, undeceiv'd de-
 It lives contemn'd a Day, then harmless dies. [spife,
 Or shou'd some nobler Bard, their Worth, unpraise,
 Deserting Morals, that adorn his Lays,
 Alas ! too oft each Science shews the same,
 The Great grow jealous of a greater Name :
 Ye Bards, the Frailty mourn ; yet brave the Shock :
 Has not a STILLINGFLEET oppos'd a LOCKE ?

Oh,

Oh, still proceed, with sacred Rapture fir'd !
Unenvied had ye liv'd, if unadmir'd.

Let *Envy*, he replied, all-ireful rise,
Envy pursues alone the Brave, and Wise ;
MARO, and SOCRATES inspire her Pain,
And POPE, the *Monarch* of the tuneful Train ;
To whom be *Nature's*, and *Britannia's* Praise !
All their bright Honours rush into his Lays !
And all that glorious Warmth his Lays reveal,
Which only Poets, Kings, and Patriots feel !
Tho' gay as Mirth, as curious Thought fedate,
As Elegance polite, as Pow'r elate ;
Profound as Reason, and as Justice clear ;
Soft as Compassion ; yet as Truth severe ;
As Bounty copious, as Persuasion sweet,
Like Nature various, and like Art complete ;

So fine her Morals, so sublime her Views,
His Life is almost equal'd by his Muse.

O POPE !---Since Envy is decreed by Fate,
Since she pursues alone the Wise, and Great ;
In one small, emblematic Landscape see,
How vast a Distance 'twixt thy Foe, and Thee !
Truth from an Eminence surveys our Scene,
(A Hill, where all is clear, and all serene.)
Rude, earth-bred Storms o'er meaner Valleys blow,
And wand'ring Mists roll, black'ning, far below ;
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is *Envy's* Aim,
And clear, and eminent, like *Truth*, thy Fame.

'Thus I. From what dire Cause can Envy spring?
Or why embosom we a Viper's Sting ?

'Tis Envy stings our darling Passion, Pride.

Alas ! (the Man of mighty Soul replied)

Why chuse we Mis'ries ? Most derive their Birth

From one bad Source ; we dread superior Worth ;

Prefer'd, it seems a Satire on our own ;

Then heedless to excel, we meanly moan :

Then we abstract our Views, and Envy show,

Whence springs the Mis'ry, Pride is doom'd to

Thus Folly pain creates : By Wisdom's Pow'r, ^{[know.}

We shun the Weight of many a restless Hour —

Lo ! I meet Wrong, perhaps the Wrong, I feel,

Tends by the Scheme of Things to publick Weal.

I of the Whole am Part---the Joy, Men see,

Must circulate, and so revolve to me.

Why shou'd I then of private Loss complain ?

Of Loss, that proves, perchance, a Brother's Gain ?

The Wind, that binds one Bark within the Bay,
May waft a richer Freight its wish'd-for Way.
If Rains, redundant, flood the abject Ground,
Mountains are but supplied, when Vales are drown'd;
If, with soft Moisture swell'd, the Vale looks gay,
The Verdure of the Mountain fades away.
Shall Clouds, but at *my* Welfare's Call descend?
Shall *Gravity* for me her Laws suspend?
For me shall Suns their Noon-tide Course forbear?
Or *Motion* not subsist to influence Air?
Let the Means vary, be they Frost, or Flame,
Thy End, O Nature! still remains the same!
Be This the Motive of a wise Man's Care,
To shun deserving Ills, and learn to bear.

The END of the FIRST CANTO.



THE
WANDERER.
A
VISION.

CANTO II.



WHILE thus a Mind humane, and wise,
All-eloquent of Truth his Language
Youth, tho' depress'd, thro' all his
Thro' all his Sentiments the Depth of Years.

Thus He — Yet farther *Industry* behold,
Which conscious waits new Wonders to unfold.
Enter my Chapel next — Lo ! here begin
The hallow'd Rites, that check the Growth of Sin.

When
t

When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
 My Bosom, lab'ring with the Throbs of Woe !
 Such racking Throbs ! — soft ! when I rouse those
 On my chill'd Mind pale *Recollection* glares ! [Cares,
 When moping *Frenzy* strove my Thoughts to sway,
 Here prudent Labours chac'd her Pow'r away.
 Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd Wall,
 Bold Prophets, Nations to Repentance, call !
 Meek Martyrs smile in Flames ! gor'd Champions
 And Muse-like Cherubs tune their Harps in Stone ! [groan !
 Next shadow'd Light, a rounding Force, bestows,
 Swells into Life, and speaking Action grows !
 Here pleasing, melancholy Subjects find,
 To calm, amuse, exalt the pensive Mind !
 This Figure, tender Grief, like mine, implies,
 And semblant Thoughts, that earthly Pomp despise.

Such penitential *Magdalene* reveals :
Loose-veil'd, in Negligence of Charms she kneels.
Tho' Dress, near-stor'd, its Vanity supplies,
The Vanity of Dress unheeded lies.
The sinful World in sorrowing Eye she keeps,
As o'er *Jerusalem*, *Messiah* weeps.
One Hand, her Bosom smites ; in One appears
The lifted Lawn, that drinks her falling Tears.

Since Evil outweighs Good, and sways Mankind,
True Fortitude assumes the patient Mind :
Such prov'd *Messiah's*, tho' to suffer born,
To Penury, Repulse, Reproach, and Scorn.
Here by the Pencil mark his Flight design'd ;
The wearied Virgin by a Stream reclin'd,
Who feeds the Child. Her Looks a Charm express,
A modest Charm, that dignifies Distress.

Boughs o'er their Heads with blushing Fruits
Which Angels to her busied Confort bend. ^{[depend,}

Hence by the smiling Infant seems discern'd,
Trifles, concerning him, all Heav'n, concern'd.

Here the transfigur'd Son, from Earth, retires:
See ! the white Form in a bright Cloud aspires !
Full on his Foll'wers bursts a Flood of Rays,
Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming Blaze !
Like Noon-tide Summer-Suns the Rays appear,
Unfuff'able, magnificent, and near !

What Scene of Agony the Garden brings ;
The Cup of Gall ; the suppliant King of Kings ;
The Crown of Thorns ; the Cross, that felt him die ;
These, languid in the Sketch, unfinish'd, lye.

There

There from the Dead Centurions see him rise,
See ! but struck down with horrible Surprise !
As the first Glory seem'd a Sun at Noon,
This casts the Silver Splendor of the Moon.

Here peopled Day, th'ascending God surveys !
The Glory varies, as the Myriads gaze !
Now soften'd, like a Sun at Distance seen,
When thro' a Cloud bright-glancing, yet serene !
Now fast-encreasing to the Croud amaz'd,
Like some vast Meteor high in Ether rais'd !

My Labour, yon high-vaulted Altar, stains
With Dies, that emulate etherial Plains.
The convex Glass, which in that Opening glows,
Mid circling Rays a pictur'd *Saviour* shows !

Bright It collects the Beams, which, trembling All,
Back from the God, a show'ry Radiance, fall,
Light'ning the Scene beneath ! a Scene divine !
Where Saints, Clouds, Seraphs intermingled shine !

Here Water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a sweet Organ, swell a lofty Sound !
The solemn Notes bid earthly Passions fly,
Lull all my Cares, and lift my Soul on High !

This monumental Marble — this I rear
To One—Oh ! ever mourn'd !—Oh! ever dear !
He stopt — pathetic Sighs the Pause supply,
And the prompt Tear starts, quiv'ring, on his Eye !

I look'd—two Columns near the Wall were seen,
An imag'd *Beauty* stretch'd at length between.

Near the wept Fair, her Harp *Cecilia* strung,
Leaning, from high, a list'ning Angel hung !
Friendship; whose Figure at the Feet remains,
A Phoenix, with irradiate Crest, sustains :
This grac'd one Palm, while One extends t' impart
Two foreign Hands, that clasp a burning Heart.
A pendent Veil two hov'ring Seraphs raise,
Which, opening Heav'n, upon the Roof displays !
And two, benevolent, less-distant, hold
A Vase, collective of Perfumes up-roll'd !
These from the Heart, by *Friendship* held, arise ;
Od'rous as Incense gath'ring in the Skies.
In the fond Pelican is Love exprest,
Who opens to her Young her tender Breast.
Two mated Turtles hov'ring hang in Air,
One by a Faulcon struck ! — in wild Despair,

The Hermit cries, — So Death, alas ! destroys
The tender Confort of my Cares, and Joys !
Again soft Tears upon his Eye-lid hung,
Again check'd Sounds dy'd, flutt'ring, on his Tongue.
Too well his pining, inmost Thought I know !
Too well ev'n Silence tells the story'd Woe !
To his my Sighs, to his my Tears reply !
I stray o'er all the Tomb a watry Eye !

Next, on the Wall, her Scenes of Life I gaz'd,
The Form back-leaning, by a Globe half-rais'd !
Cherubs a proffer'd Crown of Glory show,
Ey'd wistful by th' admiring Fair below.
In Action eloquent dispos'd her Hands,
One shows her Breast, in Rapture One expands !
This the fond Hermit seiz'd ! — o'er all his Soul,
The soft, wild, wailing, am'rous Passion stole !

In stedfast Gaze his Eyes her Aspect keep,
 Then turn away, a-while dejected weep;
 Then he reverts 'em; but reverts in vain,
 Dim'd with the swelling Grief, that streams again.
 Where now is my Philosophy? (he cries)
 My Joy, Hope, Reason, my *Olympia* dies!
 Why did I e'er that Prime of Blessings know?
 Was it, ye cruel Fates! t'imbitter Woe?
 Why wou'd your Bolts not level first *my* Head?
 Why must I live to weep *Olympia* dead?
 —Sir, I had once a Wife! fair bloom'd her Youth;
 Her Form was Beauty, and her Soul was Truth!
 Oh, she was dear!—How dear, what Words can
 [say?
 She dies!—My Heav'n at once is snatch'd away!
 Ah! what avails, that, by a Father's Care,
 I rose a wealthy, and illustrious Heir?

That early in my Youth I learn'd to prove
 Th' instructive, pleasing, academic Grove?
 That in the Senate Eloquence was mine?
 That Valour gave me in the Field to shine?
 That Love shew'd Blessings too---far more than
 High-rapt Ambition e'er cou'd happy call? ^{[All,}
 Ah!---What are These, which ev'n the Wise adore?
 Lost is my Pride!—*Olympia* is no more!
 Had I, ye persecuting Pow'rs! been born
 The World's cold Pity, or, at best, its Scorn;
 Of Wealth, of Rank, of kindred Warmth bereft;
 To Want, to Shame, to ruthless Censure left;
 Patience, or Pride, to this, Relief, supplies!
 But a lost Wife!---there! there Distraction lies!

Now three sad Years I yield me all to Grief,
 And fly the hated Comfort of Relief.

Tho' rich, great, young, I leave a pompous Seat,
 (My Brother's now) to seek some dark Retreat :
 Mid cloister'd, solitary Tombs I stray,
 Despair, and Horror lead the cheerless Way !
 My Sorrow grows to such a wild Excess,
 Life, injur'd Life must with the Passion less !
Olympia ! — My *Olympia*'s lost ! (I cry)
Olympia's lost, the hollow Vaults reply !
 Louder I make my lamentable Moan ;
 The swelling Echoes learn like me to groan ;
 The Ghosts to scream, as thro' lone Isles they sweep ;
 The Shrines to shudder, and the Saints to weep !

Now Grief, and Rage, by gath'ring Sighs, sup-
 [prest,
 Swell my full Heart, and heave my lab'ring Breast !
 With struggling Starts, each vital String they
 [strain,
 And strike the tott'ring Fabric of my Brain !

O'er my sunk Spirits frowns a vap'ry Scene,
Woe's dark Retreat ! the madding Maze of *Spleen* !
A deep, damp Gloom o'erspreads the murky Cell ;
Here pining Thoughts, and secret Terrors dwell !
Here learn the Great unreal Wants to feign !
Unpleasing Truths here mortify the Vain !
Here *Learning*, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as *Ignorance*, as *Frenzy* wild !
Here first *Credulity* on *Reason* won !
And here *false Zeal* mysterious Rants begun !
Here *Love* impearls each Moment with a Tear,
And *Superstition* owes to *Spleen* her Fear !

Fantastic Lightnings, thro' the dreary Way,
In swift, short Signals, flash the bursting Day !
Above, beneath, across, around, they fly !
A dire Deception strikes the mental Eye !

By the Blue Fires, pale Phantoms grin severe !
Shrill-fancied Echoes wound th' affrighted Ear !
Air-banish'd Spirits flag in Fogs profound,
And all-obscene, shed baneful Damps around !
Now Whispers, trembling in some feeble Wind,
Sigh out prophetic Fears, and freeze the Mind !

Loud laughs the Hag !--- She mocks Complaint
Unroofs the Den, and lets in more than Day. [away,
Swarms of wild *Fancies*, wing'd in various Flight,
Seek emblematic Shades, and mystic Light !
Some drive with rapid Steeds the shining Car !
These nod from Thrones ! Those thunder in the [War !
Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive Show,
Start from wild Joy, and fix in stupid Woe.

Here

Here the lone Hour, a Blank of Life, displays,
Till now bad Thoughts a Fiend more active raise;
A Fiend in evil Moments ever nigh!
Death in her Hand, and Frenzy in her Eye!
Her Eye all red, and sunk! — A Robe she wore,
With Life's Calamities embroider'd o'er.
A Mirror in one Hand collective shows,
Varied, and multiplied that Group of Woes.
This endless Foe to gen'rous Toil and Pain
Lolls on a Couch for Ease; but lolls in vain;
She muses o'er her woe-embroider'd Vest,
And Self-Abhorrence heightens in her Breast.
To shun her Care, the Force of Sleep she tries,
Still wakes her Mind, tho' Slumbers doze her Eyes:
She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from Place to Place,
With restless, thoughtful, interrupted Pace;

Now

Now eyes the Sun, and curses ev'ry Ray,
Now the green Ground, where Colour fades away.
Dim Spectres dance ! Again her Eye she rears ;
Then from the blood-shot Ball wipes purpled Tears ;
Then presses hard her Brow, with Mischief fraught,
Her Brow half bursts with Agony of Thought !
From me (she cries) pale Wretch thy Comfort
Born of *Despair*, and *Suicide* my Name ! [claim,
Why shou'd thy Life a Moment's Pain endure ?
Here ev'ry Object proffers Grief a Cure.
She points where Leaves of Hemlock black'ning
Fear not ! pluck ! eat (said she) the sov'reign Root ! [shoot !
Then *Death*, revers'd, shall bear his ebon Lance ;
Soft o'er thy Sight shall swim the shadowy Trance !
Or leap yon Rock, possess a watry Grave,
And leave wild Sorrow to the Wind and Wave !

Or mark---this Ponyard thus from Mis'ry frees !

She wounds her Breast !--- the guilty Steel I seize !

Straight, where she struck, a smoking Spring of

Wells from the Wound, and floats the crimson'd

She faints ! She fades ! — Calm Thoughts the

And now, unstartling, fix the dire Resolve !

Death drops his Terrors, and, with charming Wiles,

Winning, and kind, like my *Olympia* smiles !

He points the Passage to the Seats divine,

Where Poets, Heroes, fainted Lovers shine !

I come, *Olympia* ! — My rear'd Arm extends ;

Half to my Breast the threat'ning Point descends !

Straight Thunder rocks the Land ! new Light-

When, lo ! a Voice resounds, Arise ! away !

Away ! nor murmur at th' afflictive Rod !

Nor tempt the Vengeance of an angry God !

Fly'ft thou from *Providence* for vain Relief?
 Such ill-fought Eafe fhall draw avenging Grief.
 Honour, the more obftructed, ftronger fhines,
 And Zeal by Perfecution's Rage refines.
 By Woe, the Soul to daring Action fwells ;
 By Woe, in plaintlefs Patience It excels ;
 From Patience, prudent, clear Experience fprings,
 And traces Knowledge thro' the Courfe of Things ;
 Thence Hope is form'd, thence Fortitude, Succefs,
 Renown : — Whate'er Men covet and carefs.

The vanifh'd Fiend thus fent a hollow Voice,
 Woud'ft thou be happy? Straight be Death thy
 [Choice ;
 How mean are thofe, who paffively complain.
 While active Souls, more free, their Fetters ftrain?
 Tho' Knowledge thine, Hope, Fortitude, Succefs,
 Renown — Whate'er Men covet, and carefs ;

On Earth Success must in its Turn give way,

And ev'n Perfection introduce Decay.

Never the World of Spirits thus---their Rest

Untouch'd ! entire !----once happy, ever blest !

Earnest the heav'nly Voice responsive cries,

Oh, listen not to Subtilty unwise !

Thy guardian Saint, who mourns thy hapless Fate,

Heav'n grants to prop thy Virtue, ere too late.

Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd Wife deplore,

Olympia waits thee on a foreign Shore;

There in a Cell thy last Remains be spent ;

Away ! deceive Despair, and find Content !

I heard, obey'd ; nor more of Fate complain'd ;

Long Seas I measur'd, and this Mountain gain'd.

Soon

Soon to a yawning Rift, Chance turn'd my Way ;
A Den it prov'd, where a huge Serpent lay !
Flame-ey'd he lay !---He rages now for Food,
Meets my first Glance, and meditates my Blood !
His Bulk, in many a gather'd Orb up-roll'd,
Rears Spire on Spire ! His Scales, be-dropt with
Shine burnish'd in the Sun ! Such Height they [Gold,
They dart green Lustre on the distant Main ! [gain,
Now writh'd in dreadful Slope, he stoops his
Furious to fix on my unshielded Breast ! [Crest,
Just as he springs, my Sabre smites the Foe !
Headless he falls beneath th' unerring Blow !
Wrath yet remains, tho' Strength his Fabric leaves,
And the meant Hiss, the gasping Mouth, deceives ;
The length'ning Trunk flow-loofens ev'ry Fold,
Lingers in Life ; then stretches stiff, and cold.

Silent, a-while, each well-known Charm, I trace ;
Then thus, (while nearer she avoids th' Embrace)
Thou dear Deceit !----must I a Shade pursue ?
Dazzled I gaze !----thou swim'st before my View !
Dipt in ethereal Dews, her Bough divine
Sprinkles my Eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the
[Shine :
Still thus I urge, (for still the shadowy Bliss
Shuns the warm Grasp, nor yields the tender Kifs.)
Oh, fly not !---fade not ! listen to Love's Call !
She lives !---no more I'm Man !---I'm Spirit all !
Then let me snatch thee !---press thee !---take me
[whole !
Oh, close !---yet closer !---closer to my Soul !
Twice, round her Waist, my eager Arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my Frenzy clasp'd the Wind !
Then thus I rav'd---Behold thy Husband kneel,
And judge ! O judge what Agonies I feel !

Oh be no longer, if unkind, thus fair ;
Take Horror's Shape, and fright me to Despair !
Rather, than thus, unpitying, see my Moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in Stone !
But mock not thus---Alas ! (the Charmer said,
Smiling ; and, in her Smile, soft Radiance play'd)
Alas ! no more eluded Strength employ,
To clasp a Shade!---What more is mortal Joy ?
Man's Bliss is, like his Knowledge, but furmis'd ;
One Ignorance, the other Pain disguis'd ;
Thou wert (had all thy Wish been still possess'd)
Supreamly curst from being greatly blest ;
For oh ! so fair, so dear was I to Thee,
Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me ;
This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the Tomb ;
Above I flourish in unfading Bloom.

Think me not lost ; for thee I Heav'n implore !
Thy guardian Angel, tho' a Wife no more !
I, when abstracted from this World you seem,
Hint the pure Thought, and frame the heav'nly
Close at thy Side, when Morning streaks the Air, [Dream!
In Musick's Voice I wake thy Mind to Prayer !
By me, thy Hymns, like purest Incense, rise,
Fragrant with Grace, and pleasing to the Skies !
And when that Form shall from its Clay refine,
(That only Bar betwixt my Soul, and Thine !)
When thy lov'd Spirit mounts to Realms of Light,
Then shall *Olympia* aid thy earliest Flight ;
Mingled we'll flame in Raptures, that aspire
Beyond all Youth, all Sense, and all Desire.

She ended. Still such Sweetness dwells behind,
Th' enchanting Voice still warbles in my Mind,

But lo ! th' unbodied Vision fleets away ! —
 — Stay my *Olympia* ! --- I conjure thee, stay !
 Yet stay --- for thee my Mem'ry learns to smart !
 Sure ev'ry Vein contains a bleeding Heart !
 Sooner shall Splendor leave the Blaze of Day,
 Than Love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay !
 From the same heav'nly Source its Lustre came,
 And glows, immortal, with congenial Flame !
 Ah ! --- let me not with Fires neglected, burn !
 Sweet Mistress of my Soul, return, return !

Alas ! --- she's fled ! --- I traverse now the Place,
 Where my enamour'd Thoughts, her Footsteps,
 Now, o'er the Tomb, I bend my drooping Head, ^{[trace.}
 There Tears, the Eloquence of Sorrow, shed.
 Sighs choak my Words, unable to express
 The Pangs, the Throbs of speechless Tenderness !

Not with more ardent, more transparent Flame,
Call dying Saints on their Creator's Name,
Than I on her's !---But, thro' yon yielding Door,
Glides a new Phantom o'er th' illumin'd Floor !
The Roof swift-kindles from the beaming Ground,
And Floods of living Lustre flame around !
In all the Majesty of Light array'd,
Awful it shines !---'tis *Cato's* honour'd Shade !
As I, the Heav'nly Visitant, pursue,
Sublimer Glory opens to my View !
He speaks !---- But, oh ! what Words shall dare
His Thoughts ?---They leave me fir'd with Patriot
[repeat
[Heat !
More than poetic Raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike Passion, Publick Zeal !
But from my Frailty it receives a Stain,
I grow, unlike my great Inspirer, vain ;

And burn, once more, the busy World to know,
 And wou'd, in Scenes of Action, foremost glow !
 Where proud Ambition points her dazzling Rays !
 Where Coronets, and Crowns, attractive, blaze !
 When my *Olympia* leaves the Realms above,
 And lures me back to solitary Love.
 She tells me Truth, prefers an humble State,
 That genuine Greatness shuns the being Great !
 That mean are those, who false-term'd Honour
 Whose Fabricks, from their Country's Ruins, rise ;
 Who look the Traytor, like the Patriot, fair ;
 Who to enjoy the Vineyard, wrong the Heir.

I hear !——thro' all my Veins new Transports.
 I gaze !——Warm Love comes rushing on my Soul !
 Ravish'd I gaze !——Again her Charms decay !
 Again my Manhood to my Grief gives way !

Cato returns !—Zeal takes her Course to reign ;
But Zeal is in Ambition lost again !
I'm now the Slave of Fondness !---now of Pride !
---By Turns they conquer, and by Turns subside !
These ballanc'd Each by Each, the golden Mean,
Betwixt 'em found, gives Happiness serene ;
This I'll enjoy ! —He ended !— I replied,
O Hermit ! thou art Worth severely tried !
But had not innate Grief produc'd thy Woes,
Men, barb'rous Men had prey'd on thy Repose.
When seeking Joy, we seldom Sorrow miss,
And often Mis'ry points the Path to Bliss.
The Soil, most worthy of the thrifty Swain,
Is wounded thus, e'er trusted with the Grain ;
The struggling Grain must work obscure, its way,
E'er the first Green springs upward to the Day ;

Up-sprung, such weed-like Coarseness it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd Blade permissive graze;
Then shoots the Wealth, from Imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful Harvest crowns the Year.

The END of the SECOND CANTO.





THE
WANDERER.
A
VISION.

CANTO III.



THUS free our social Time from Morn-

[ing flows,

"Till rising Shades attempt the Day to

[close.

Thus my new Friend : Behold the

[Light's Decay :

Back to yon City let me point thy Way.

South-West, behind yon Hill, the sloping Sun,

To Ocean's Verge, his fluent Course, has run :

His

His parting Eyes a watry Radiance shed,
Glance thro' the Vale, and tip the Mountain's Head ;
To which oppos'd, the shad'wy Gulphs, below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd Snow.

Now dance the Stars, where *Vesper* leads the
Yet all, faint-glimm'ring with Remains of Day. [Way;
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her Dawn,
And throws, unseen, her Mantle o'er the Lawn.
Up the blue Steep, her crimson Orb now shines ;
Now on the Mountain-top her *Arm* reclines,
In a *red Crescent* seen : Her *Zone* now gleams,
Like *Venus*, quiv'ring in reflecting Streams.
Yet red'ning, yet round-burning up the Air,
From the white Cliff, her *Feet* flow-rising glare !
See ! Flames, condens'd, now vary her Attire ;
Her *Face*, a broad Circumference of Fire.

Dark Firs seem kindled in nocturnal Blaze ;
Thro' Ranks of Pines, her broken Lustre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting Shade bestows,
And glitt'ring sports upon the spangled Snows.

Now Silver turn her Beams!---Yon Den they
The big, rouz'd *Lion* shakes his brinded Main. [gain ;
Fierce, fleet, gaunt Monsters, All, prepar'd for
Rend Woods, Vales, Rocks, with wide-refounding [Gore,
O dire Prefage!---But fear not thou, my Friend, [Roar.
Our Steps the Guardians of the Just attend.
Home-ward I'll wait thee on---and now survey,
How Men, and Spirits chase the Night away!

Yon Nymphs, and Swains in am'rous Mirth ad-
To breathing Musick moves the circling Dance. [vance ;

Here the bold Youth in Deeds adventurous glow,
Skimming in rapid Sleds the crackling Snow.

Not when *Tidides* won the fun'ral Race,
Shot his light Car along in swifter Pace.

Here the glaz'd Way with Iron Feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like *Mercuries* in Air.

There Crouds, with stable Tread, and levell'd Eye,
Lift, and dismiss the Quoits, that whirling fly.

With Force superior, not with Skill so true,
The pond'rous Disk from *Roman* Sinews flew.

Where neighb'ring Hills some cloudy Sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether Vale a penfile Plain,

Cross the roof'd Hollow rolls the massy Round,
The crack'd Ice rattles, and the Rocks resound ;
Censures, Disputes, and Laughs, alternate; rise ;
And deaf'ning Clangor thunders up the Skies.

Thus,

Thus, amid crouded Images, serene,
From Hour to Hour we pass'd, from Scene to Scene:
Fast wore the Night. Full long we pac'd our way;
Vain Steps! the City yet far-distant lay.
While thus the Hermit, e'er my Wonder spoke,
Methought, with new Amusement, Silence broke,
Yon amber-hued Cascade, which fleecy flies
Thro' Rocks, and strays along the trackless Skies,
To frolick Fairies marks the mazy Ring,
Forth to the Dance from little Cells they spring,
Measur'd to pipe, or harp!---and next they stand,
Marshall'd beneath the Moon, a radiant Band!
In Frost-work now delight the sportive kind:
Now court wild *Fancy* in the whistling Wind.

Hark!

Hark!---the funeral Bell's deep-sounding Toll,
To Bliss from Mis'ry, calls some righteous Soul!
Just freed from Life, like swift-ascending Fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder Spire!
Light clapt its Wings!----It views, with pitying
[Sight,
The friendly Mourner pay the pious Rite;
The Plume high-wrought, that black'ning nods in
[Air;
The flow-pac'd, weeping Pomp; the solemn Prayer,
The decent Tomb; the Verse, that *Sorrow* gives;
Where, to Remembrance sweet, fair Virtue lives.

Now to mid Heav'n the whiten'd Moon inclines,
And Shades contract, mark'd out in clearer Lines;
With noiseless Gloom the Plains are delug'd o'er :
See!----from the North, what streaming Meteors
[pour !

Beneath

Beneath *Bootes* spring the radiant Train,
And quiver thro' the Axle of his Wain.
O'er Altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling Glories shoot in Rays of Gold.
Cross *Ether* swift elance the vivid Fires !
As swift again each pointed Flame retires !
In *Fancy's* Eye encount'ring Armies glare,
And sanguine Ensigns wave unfurl'd in Air !
Hence the weak Vulgar deem impending Fate,
A Monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled State.
Thus Comets, dreadful Visitants ! arise
To them wild Omens, Science to the Wise !
These mark the Comet to the Sun incline,
While deep-red Flames around its Center shine !
While its fierce Rear, a winding Trail, displays,
And lights all *Ether* with the sweepy Blaze !

Or when compell'd, it flies the torrid *Zone*,
And shoots by Worlds un-number'd, and un-
By Worlds, whose People, all-aghast with Fear, [known;
May view that Minister of Vengeance near!
Till now the transient Glow, remote, and lost,
Decays, and darkens mid-involving Frost!
Or when it, Sun-ward, drinks rich Beams again,
And burns imperious on th'etherial Plain!
The Learn'd-One curious eyes it from afar,
Sparkling thro' Night, a new, illustrious Star!

The Moon, descending, saw us now pursue
The various Talk: — the City near in view!
Here from *still Life* (he cries) avert thy Sight,
And mark what *Deeds* adorn, or shame the Night!
But heedful each, immodest Prospect fly;
Where Decency forbids Enquiry's Eye.

Man were not Man, without Love's wanton Fire,
But Reason's Glory is to quell Desire.

What are thy Fruits, O *Lust*? Short Blessings,
With long Remorse, the Seed of bitter Thought;
[bought

Perhaps some *Babe* to dire Diseases born,

Doom'd for *Another's* Crimes, thro' Life, to mourn;

Or *murder'd*, to preserve a *Mother's* Fame;

Or cast obscure; the *Child* of Want, and Shame!

False Pride! What Vices on our Conduct steal,

From the World's Eye one Frailty to conceal?

Ye *cruel Mothers*!—Soft! those Words command!

So near, shall *Cruelty*, and *Mother* stand?

Can the Dove's Bosom snaky Venom draw?

Can its Foot sharpen, like the Vultur's Claw?

Can the fond Goat, or tender, fleecy Dam

Howl, like the Wolf, to tear the Kid, or Lamb?

Yes, there *are* Mothers—There I fear'd his Aim,
And, conscious, trembled at the coming Name;
Then with a Sigh his issuing Words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling Tear the Speech he clos'd.
That Tendernefs, which Ties of Blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a Stranger's Eye.
Pale grew my Cheeks!—But now to gen'ral Views
Our Converfe turns, which thus my Friend renews.

Yon Mansion, made by beaming Tapers gay,
Drowns the dim Night, and counterfeits the Day.
From lumin'd Windows glancing on the Eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking Shadows fly.
There Midnight *Riot* spreads illusive Joys,
And Fortune, Health, and dearer Time destroys.
Soon Death's dark Agent, to luxuriant Ease,
Shall wake sharp Warnings in some fierce Disease.

O Man! thy Fabrick's like a well-form'd State;
 Thy *Thoughts*, first-rank'd, were sure design'd the
Passions *Plebeians* are, which *Faction* raise; [Great!
 Wine, like pour'd Oil, excites the raging Blaze:
 Then giddy *Anarchy's* rude Triumphs rise:
 Then sov'reign *Reason* from her Empire flies:
 That *Ruler* once depos'd, *Wisdom*, and *Wit*
 To *Noise*, and *Folly*, Place, and Pow'r, submit;
 Like a frail Bark thy weaken'd Mind is tost,
 Unsteer'd, unballanc'd, 'till its Wealth is lost.

The *Miser-spirit* eyes the spend-thrift *Heir*,
 And mourns, too late, Effects of sordid Care.
 His Treasures fly to cloy each fawning Slave;
 Yet grudge a Stone, to dignify his Grave.

For this, low-thoughted Craft his Life employ'd ;
For this, tho' wealthy, he no Wealth enjoy'd ;
For this, he grip'd the Poor, and Alms denied,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.

Yet smile, griev'd Shade ! when that unprosp'rous
[Store
Fast-lessens, when gay Hours return no more ;
Smile at thy Heir, beholding, in his Fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful All !
Then Thought-inspiring *Woe* his Heart shall
[mend,
And prove his only wife, unflatt'ring Friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly Sport,
While plotting *Mischief* keeps reserv'd her Court.
Lo ! from that Mount, in blasting Sulphur broke,
Stream Flames voluminous, enwrap'd with Smoke !
In Chariot-shape they whirl up yonder Tow'r,
Lean on its Brow, and like Destruction lour !

From the black Depth a fiery Legion springs ;
Each bold, bad Spectre claps her founding Wings ;
And straight beneath a summon'd, trait'rous Band,
On Horror bent, in dark Convention stand :
From each Fiend's Mouth a ruddy Vapour flows,
Glides thro' the Roof, and o'er the Council glows :
The Villains, close beneath th' Infection pent,
Feel, all-possess'd, their rising Galls ferment ;
And burn with Faction, Hate, and vengeful Ire,
For Rapine, Blood, and Devastation dire ;
But *Justice* marks their Ways : She waves, in Air,
The Sword, high-threat'ning like a Comet's Glare.

While here dark *Villany* her self deceives,
There studious *Honesty* our View relieves.
A feeble Taper, from yon lonesome Room,
Scatt'ring thin Rays, just glimmers thro' the Gloom.

There sits the sapient *BAR D* in museful Mood,
And glows impassion'd for his Country's Good !
All the bright *Spirits* of the *Just*, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his tow'ring Mind !
He takes the *gifted Quill* from *Hands divine*,
Around his Temples Rays refulgent shine !
Now rapt ! now more than Man ! — I see him
To view this Speck of Earth from Worlds ^{[climb,} fu-
I see him now o'er Nature's Works ^{[blime !} preside !
How clear the Vision ! and the Scene how wide !
Let some a Name by Adulation raise,
Or Scandal, meaner than a venal Praise !
My *Muse* (he cries) a nobler Prospect view !
'Thro' Fancy's Wilds some Moral's Point pursue !
From dark Deception clear-drawn Truth display,
As from black Chaos rose resplendent Day !

Awake Compassion, and bid Terror rise !
Bid humble Sorrows strike superior Eyes !
So pamper'd *Pow'r*, unconscious of *Distress*,
May see, be mov'd, and being mov'd, redress.

Ye Traytors, Tyrants, fear his stinging Lay !
Ye Pow'rs unlov'd, unpitied in Decay !
But know, to *you* sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
Ye Heroes, Patriots, and paternal Kings !

O *Thou*, who form'd, who rais'd the Poet's Art,
(*Voice of thy Will*!) unerring Force impart !
If wailing Worth can gen'rous Warmth excite,
If Verse can gild Instruction with Delight,
Inspire his honest Muse with *orient* Flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest Aim !

But, O my Friend ! mysterious is our Fate !
How mean his Fortune, tho' his Mind elate !
Æneas-like he passes thro' the Croud,
Unfought, unseen beneath Misfortune's Cloud ;
Or seen with slight Regard : Unprais'd his Name :
His after-Honour, and our after-Shame.
The doom'd *Desert* to *Av'rice* stands confess'd ;
Her Eyes averted are, and steel'd her Breast.
Envy acquaint the *future Wonder* eyes :
Bold *Insult*, pointing, hoots him as he flies ;
While coward *Censure*, skill'd in darker Ways,
Hints sure Detraction in dissembled Praise !
Hunger, Thirst, Nakedness there grievous fall !
Unjust Derision too !—that Tongue of Gall !
Slow comes *Relief*, with no mild Charms endued,
Usher'd by *Pride*, and by *Reproach* pursued.

Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold *Respect*,
Unkind as *Scorn*, ungen'rous as *Neglect*.

Yet, *suff'ring Worth* ! thy Fortitude will shine !
Thy Foes are *Virtue's*, and her Friends are thine !
Patience is thine, and Peace thy Days shall crown ;
Thy Treasure *Prudence*, and thy Claim *Renown* :
Myriads unborn, shall mourn thy hapless Fate,
And Myriads grow by thy Example Great !

Hark ! from the Watch-Tow'r rolls the Trum-
Sweet thro' still Night, proclaiming Safety round !
[pet's Sound,
Yon Shade illustrious quits the Realms of Rest,
To aid some Orphan of its Race distressed,
Safe winds him thro' the subterraneous Way,
That mines yon Mansion, grown with Ruin grey,

And marks the wealthy, unsuspected Ground,
Where green with Rust, long-buried Coins abound.
This plaintive Ghost, from Earth when newly fled,
Saw those, the Living trusted, wrong the Dead ;
He saw, by Fraud abus'd, the lifeless Hand
Sign the false Deed, that alienates his Land ;
Heard on his Fame injurious Censure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd Orphan's bitter Groan :
Commission'd now the Falshood He reveals,
To Justice soon th'enabled Heir appeals ;
Soon by this Wealth are costly Pleas maintain'd,
And by discover'd Truth lost Right regain'd.

But why (may some enquire) why kind Success,
Since mystic Heav'n gives Mis'ry oft to bless ?
Tho' Mis'ry leads to Happiness, and Truth,
Unequal to the Load this languid Youth.

Unstrengthen'd Virtue scarce his Bosom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing Wants retir'd.
(Oh, let none censure if, untried by Grief,
If amidst Woe untempted by Relief!)
He stoop'd reluctant to low Arts of Shame,
Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd
Heav'n fees, and makes th'imperfect Worth its ^{[to name.}
And cheers the trembling Heart, uniform'd to bear. ^{[Care,}
Now rising Fortune elevates his Mind,
He shines unclouded, and adorns Mankind.

So in some Engine, that denies a Vent,
If unrespiring is some Creature pent,
It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for Breath,
Sad o'er the Sight swim shad'wy Mists of Death;
If then kind Air pours pow'rful in again,
New Heats, new Pulses quicken ev'ry Vein,

From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled Eye,
Dispers'd, the dark and dampy Vapours fly.

From trembling Tombs the Ghosts of Greatness
And o'er their Bodies hang with wistful Eyes;
Or discontented stalk, and mix their Howls
With howling Wolves, their Screams with scream-
[ing Owls.

The Interval 'twixt Night and Morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd Sky.
Springs with soft Heats no more give Borders green,
Nor smoaking breathe along the whiten'd Scene;
While steamy Currents sweet in Prospect charm,
Like Veins blue-winding on a Fair-one's Arm.

Now *Sleep* to *Fancy* parts with half his Pow'r,
And broken Slumbers drag the restless Hour.

The Murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire Dreams the conscious Murd'rer scares,
Shews the yet-spouting Wound, th'enfanguin'd
The Walls yet-smoking with the spatter'd Gore;
Or shrieks to dozing Justice, and reveals
The Deed, which fraudulent Art from Day conceals;
The Dêlve obscene, where no Suspicion pries;
Where the disfigur'd Coarse unshrouded lies;
The sure, the striking Proof, so strong maintain'd,
Pale Guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.

These Spirits Treason of its Pow'r divest,
And turn the Peril from the Patriot's Breast.
Those solemn Thought inspire, or bright descend,
To snatch in Vision sweet the dying Friend.

But

But we deceive the Gloom, the Matin Bell
Summons to Prayer!—Now breaks th' Inchanter's
And now—But yon fair Spirit's Form survey! [Spell!
'Tis she! *Olympia* beckons me away!
I haste! I fly!—adieu!—--and when you see
The Youth, who bleeds with Fondness, think on
Tell him my Tale, and be his Pain carest; [me!
By Love I tortur'd was, by Love I'm blest.
When worship'd Woman we entranc'd behold,
We praise the Maker in his fairest Mold;
The Pride of Nature, Harmony combin'd,
And Light immortal to the Soul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming Woman, soon we miss
The Prize of Friendship, and the Life of Bliss!

Still thro' the Shades *Olympia* dawning breaks !
What Bloom, what Brightness lusters o'er her
Again she calls !—I dare no longer stay !
A kind Farewell—*Olympia*, I obey.

He turn'd, nor longer in my Sight remain'd,
The Mountain he, I safe the City gain'd.

The END of the THIRD CANTO.





THE
WANDERER.
A
VISION.

CANTO IV.



TILL o'er my Mind wild *Fancy*
[holds her Sway,
Still on strange, visionary Land I
[stray.
Now Scenes crowd thick! Now indi-
[stinct appear!
Swift glide the *Months*, and turn the varying Year!

Near the *Bull's* Horn Light's rising Monarch
[draws;
Now on it's Back the *Pleiades* he thaws!

From

From vernal Heat pale *Winter* forc'd to flie,
Northward retires, yet turns a watry Eye;
Then with an aguish Breath nips infant Blooms,
Deprives unfolding Spring of rich Perfumes,
Shakes the flow-circling Blood of human Race,
And in sharp, livid Looks contracts the Face.
Now o'er *Norwegian* Hills he strides away:
Such flipp'ry Paths *Ambition's* Steps betray.
Turning with Sighs, far, spiral Firs he sees,
Which bow obedient to the Southern Breeze.
Now from yon *Zemblan* Rock his Crest he shrouds,
Like *Fame's*, obscur'd amid the whitening Clouds;
Thence his loft Empire is with Tears deplor'd:
Such Tyrants shed o'er Liberty restor'd.
Beneath his Eye (that throws malignant Light
Ten Times the measur'd Round of mortal Sight)

A waste, pale-glimm'ring, like a Moon, that wanes,

A wild Expanse of frozen Sea contains.

It cracks ! vast, floating Mountains beat the Shore !

Far off he hears those icy Ruins roar,

And from the hideous Crash distracted flies,

Like One, who feels his dying Infant's Cries.

Near, and more near the rushing Torrents sound,

And one great Rift runs thro' the vast Profound,

Swift as a shooting Meteor ; groaning loud,

Like deep-roll'd Thunder thro' a rending Cloud.

The late-dark *Pole* now feels unsetting Day :

In Hurricanes of Wrath he whirls his Way ;

O'er many a polar *Alp* to *Frost* he goes,

O'er crackling Vales, embrown'd with melting
[Snows ;

Here Bears stalk Tenants of the barren Space,

Few Men, unsocial Those !---a barb'rous Race !

At length the Cave appears! the Race is run :
Now he recounts vast Conquests lost, and won,
And taleful in th'Embrace of *Frost* remains,
Barr'd from our Climes, and bound in icy Chains.

Mean while the Sun his Beams on *Cancer*
Which now beneath his warmest Influence glows. [throws,
From glowing *Cancer* fall'n the King of Day,
Red thro' the kindling *Lyon*, shoots his Ray.
The tawny Harvest pays the earlier Plough,
And mellowing Fruitage loads the bending Bough.
'Tis Day-spring. Now green Lab'rins I frequent,
Where *Wisdom* oft retires to meet *Content*.

The mounting Lark her warbling Anthem lends,
From Note to Note the ravish'd Soul ascends ;

As thus it wou'd the Patriarch's Ladder climb,
By some good Angel led to Worlds sublime :
Oft (Legends say) the Snake, with waken'd Ire,
Like *Envy* rears in many a scaly Spire ;
Then Songsters drop, then yield their vital Gore,
And Innocence, and Musick are no more.

Mild rides the Morn in orient Beauty drest,
An azure Mantle, and a purple Vest,
Which blown by Gales her gemmy Feet display,
Her amber Tresses negligently gay.
Collected now her rosy Hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly Dews distill.
The songful Zephyrs, and the laughing Hours
Breathe sweet ; and strew her opening Way with
[Flowers.

The chatt'ring Swallows leave their nested Care,
Each promising Return with plenteous Fare.
So the fond Swain, who to the Market hies,
Stills with big Hopes his Infant's tender Cries.

Yonder two Turtles, o'er their callow Brood,
Hang hov'ring, e'er they seek their guiltless Food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning Care,
Like our first Parents part the am'rous Pair :
But ah !---a Pair no more !---with spreading Wings,
From the high, founding Cliff a Vultur springs ;
Steady he sails along th' aërial Grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon tim'rous Dove away.
Start we, who, worse than Vulturs, *Nymrods* find,
Men meditating Prey on human Kind ?

Wild Beasts to gloomy Dens re-pace their Way,
Where their couch'd Young demand the slaugh-
Rooks from their nodding Nests black-fswarming [ter'd Prey.
And in hoarse Uproar tell the Fowler nigh. [fly,

Now in his Tabernacle rous'd, the Sun
Is warn'd the blue, ætherial Steep to run:
While on his Couch of floating Jasper laid,
From his bright Eye *Sleep* calls the dewy Shade.
The crystal Dome transparent Pillars raise,
Whence beam'd from Saphirs living Azure plays :
The liquid Floor, in-wrought with Pearls divine,
Where all his Labours in Mosaic shine.
His Coronet, a Cloud of Silver-white ;
His Robe with unconfuming Crimfon bright,

Varied with Gems, all Heaven's collected Store ;
While his loose Locks descend, a golden Shower.
If to his Steps compar'd, we tardy find
The *Grecian* Racers, who outstript the Wind.
Fleet to the glowing Race behold him start !
His quick'ning Eyes a quiv'ring Radiance dart,
And, while the last, nocturnal Flag is furl'd,
Swift into Life and Motion look the World.
The Sun-flow'r now averts her blooming Cheek
From West, to view his Eastern Lustre break.
What gay, creative Pow'r his Presence brings ?
Hills, Lawns, Lakes, Villages ! --- the Face of
All Night beneath successive Shadows miss'd,
[Things,
Instant begins in Colours to exist :
But absent these from Sons of Riot keep,
Lost in impure, unmeditating Sleep.

T'unlock his Fence, the new-ris'n Swain pre-
And e'er forth-driv'n recounts his fleecy Cares ;
When, lo ! an ambush'd Wolf, with Hunger bold,
Springs at the Prey, and fierce invades the Fold !
But by the Pastor not in vain defied,
Like our arch Foe by some cœlestial Guide.

Spread on yon Rock the Sea-Calf I survey,
Bask'd in the Sun his Skin reflects the Day :
He fees yon tow'r-like Ship the Waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glassy Tide.

The watry Herbs, and Shrubs, and Vines, and
Rear their bent Heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly
[Flowers
[Showers.

Hail glorious Sun ! to whose attractive Fires,
The waken'd, vegetative Life aspires !
The Juices, wrought by thy directive Force,
Thro' Plants, and Trees, perform their genial Course,
Extend in Root, with Bark unyielding bind
The hearted Trunk ; or weave the branching Rind ;
Expand in Leaves, in flow'ry Blossoms shoot,
Bleed in rich Gums, and swell in ripen'd Fruit.
From thee, bright, universal Pow'r ! began
Instinct in Brute, and gen'rous Love in Man.

Talk'd I of Love ?---Yon Swain, with am'rous
Soft swells his Pipe, to charm the rural Fair. [Air,
She milks the Flocks ; then, list'ning as he plays,
Steals in the running Brook a conscious Gaze.

The Trout, that deep, in Winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and Sunward turns its crimson Stains.

The Tenants of the Warren, vainly chac'd,
Now lur'd to ambient Fields for green Repast,
Seek their small, vaulted Labyrinths in vain ;
Entangling Nets betray the skipping Train ;
Red Massacres thro' their Republic fly,
And Heaps on Heaps by ruthless Spaniels dye.

The Fisher, who the lonely Beech has stray'd,
And all the live-long Night his Net-work spread,
Drags *in*, and bears the loaded Snare away ;
Where flounce deceiv'd th'expiring, finny Prey.

Near *Neptune's* Temple, (*Neptune's* now no more)
Whose Statue plants a Trident on the Shore,

In sportive Rings the gen'rous Dolphins wind,
 And eye, and think the Image human-Kind :
 Dear, pleasing Friendship! — See! the Pile com-
 The Vale, and grim as *Superstition* stands !
 Time's Hand there leaves its Print of mossy green,
 With Hollows, carv'd for Snakes, and Birds obscene.

O *Gibbs*, whose Art the solemn Fane can raise,
 Where *God* delights to dwell, and *Man* to praise ;
 When moulder'd thus the Column falls away,
 Like some great Prince, majestic in Decay ;
 When *Ignorance*, and *Scorn* the Ground shall tread,
 Where *Wisdom* tutor'd, and *Devotion* pray'd ;
 Where shall thy pompous Work our Wonder claim ?
 What, but the *Muse* alone, preserve thy Name ?

The Sun shines, broken, thro' yon Arch, that
This once-round Fabric, half-depriv'd by Years, ^{[rears}
Which rose a stately Colonade, and crown'd
Encircling Pillars, now unfaithful found ;
In Fragments, these the Fall of those forebode,
Which, nodding, just up-heave their crumbling
High, on yon Column, which has batter'd stood, ^{[Load.}
Like some stripp'd Oak, the Grandeur of the Wood,
The Stork inhabits her aërial Nest ;
By her are Liberty and Peace carest ;
She flies the Realms, that own despotick Kings,
And only spreads o'er free-born States her Wings.
The Roof is now the Daw's, or Raven's Haunt,
And loathsome Toads in the dark Entrance pant ;
Or Snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless Fly,
And fated Bird, that oft comes flutt'ring by.

An Aqueduct across yon Vale is laid,
It's Channel thro' a ruin'd Arch betray'd ;
Whirl'd down a Steep, it flies with torrent-Force,
Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious Course.

Attracted Mists a golden Cloud commence,
While thro' high-colour'd Air strike Rays intense.
Betwixt two Points, which yon steep Mountains
Lies a mild Bay, to which kind Breezes flow. [show,
Beneath a Grotto, arch'd for calm Retreat,
Leads length'ning in the Rock---Be this my Seat.
Heat never enters here ; but *Coolness* reigns
O'er Zephyrs, and distilling, watry Veins.
Secluded now I trace th'instructive Page,
And live o'er Scenes of many a backward Age ;
Thro' Days, Months, Years, thro' Time's whole
And present stand where Time it self begun. [Course I run,

Ye mighty *Dead* of just, distinguish'd Fame,
 Your Thoughts, (ye bright Instructors !) here I
 [claim.
 Here ancient Knowledge opens Nature's Springs ;
 Here Truths historic give the Hearts of Kings.
 Hence Contemplation learns white Hours to find,
 And labours Virtue on th'attentive Mind.
 O lov'd Retreat ! thy Joys Content bestow,
 Nor Guilt, nor Shame, nor sharp Repentance
 [know.
 What the fifth *Charles* long aim'd in Power to see,
 That Happiness he found reserv'd in Thee.

Now let me change the Page—Here *Tully*
 [weeps,
 While in Death's icy Arms his *Tullia* sleeps,
 His Daughter dear !---Retir'd I see him mourn,
 By all the Frenzy now of Anguish torn.

Wild his Complaint ! Nor sweeter *Sorrow's* Strains,
 When *Singer* for *Alexis* loft complains.
 Each Friend condoles, expostulates, reproves :
 More than a Father raving *Tully* loves ;
 Or *Sallust* censures thus !--- Unheeding Blame,
 He schemes a Temple to his *Tullia's* Name.
 Thus o'er my *Hermit* once did Grief prevail,
 Thus rose *Olympia's* Tomb, his moving Tale,
 The Sighs, Tears, frantic Starts, that banish Rest,
 And all the bursting Sorrows of his Breast.

But hark ! a sudden Pow'r attunes the Air !
 Th'enchanted Sound enamour'd Breezes bear ;
 Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the Song,
 Which the Cave echoes sweet, and sweet the
 [Creeks prolong.

I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold !
From Ocean steam'd a Vapour gath'ring roll'd :
A blue, round Spot on the Mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling Flame.
Full-orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming
While doubling Objects danc'd with darkling ^{[Sight,} Light.
Amaz'd I stood !---amaz'd I still remain !
What earthly Pow'r this Wonder can explain ?
Gradual at length the Lustre dies away :
My Eyes restor'd a mortal Form survey.
My Hermit-Friend ? 'Tis He.—All hail ! (he
[cries.)
I see, and wou'd alleviate thy Surprise.
The vanish'd Meteor was Heaven's Message meant,
To warn thee hence ; I knew the high Intent.
Hear then ! In this sequester'd Cave retir'd,
Departed Saints converse with Men inspir'd.

'Tis sacred Ground ; nor can thy Mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an Intercourse so pure.
Quick let us hence---And now extend thy Views
O'er yonder Lawn ; there find the heav'n-born
Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful Tale *[Muse !*
To the mid, silent Wood, or vocal Vale ;
Where Trees half check the Light with trembling *[Shades,*
Close in deep Glooms, or open clear in Glades :
Or where surrounding Vistas far descend,
The Landscape varied at each less'ning End !
She, only *She* can mortal Thought refine,
And raise thy Voice to Visitants divine.

END of the FOURTH CANTO.





THE
WANDERER.
A
VISION.

CANTO V.



E left the Cave. Be Fear (said I) de-
[fied !
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my
[Guide.

By time-worn Steps a steep Ascent we gain,
Whose Summit yields a Prospect o'er the Plain.
There bench'd with Turf, an Oak our Seat extends,
Whose Top a verdant, branch'd Pavilion bends.

Vistas with Leaves diversify the Scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.

Now from the full-grown Day a beamy Shower
Gleams on the Lake, and gilds each glossy Flower.
Gay Insects sparkle in the genial Blaze,
Various as Light, and countless as its Rays.
They dance on ev'ry Stream, and pictur'd play,
Till by the watry Racer snatch'd away.

Now, from yon Range of Rocks, strong Rays
[rebound,
Doubling the Day on flow'ry Plains around :

Kingcups beneath far-striking Colours glance,
Bright as th'etherial glows the green Expanse.
Gems of the Field! — the *Topaz* charms the Sight,
Like these, effulging yellow Streams of Light.

From the same Rocks fall Rills with soften'd Force,
Meet in yon Mead, and well a River's Source.

Thro' her clear Chancel shine her finny Shoals,
O'er Sands, like Gold, the liquid Crystal rolls.

Dim'd in yon coarser Moor her Charms decay,
And shape thro' rustling Reeds a ruffled Way.

Near Willows short and bushy Shadows throw :

Now lost, she seems thro' nether Tracts to flow ;

Yet, at yon Point, winds out in Silver State,

Like Virtue from a Labyrinth of Fate.

In length'ning Rows prone from the Mountains
The Flocks : — their Fleeces glist'ning in the Sun ; ^{[run}

Her Streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighb'ring
Recline in various Attitudes of Ease. ^{[Trees,}

Where the Herds sip, the little scaly Fry,

Swift from the Shore, in scatt'ring Myriads fly.

Each liv'ried Cloud, that round th' Horizon
Shifts in odd Scenes, like Earth, from whence it ^{[glows,}
The Bee hums wanton in yon Jess'mine Bower, ^{[rose.}
And circling fettle, and despoils the Flower.
Melodious there the plummy Songsters meet,
And call charm'd *Echo* from her arch'd Retreat.
Neat, polish'd Mansions rise in Prospect gay;
Time-batter'd Tow'rs frown awful in Decay;
The Sun plays glitt'ring on the Rocks, and Spires,
And the Lawn lightens with reflected Fires.

Here *Mirth*, and *Fancy*'s wanton Train advance,
And to light Measures turn the swimming Dance.
Sweet, flow-pac'd *Melancholy* next appears,
Pompous in Grief, and Eloquent of Tears.

Here *Meditation* shines in Azure drest,
 All-starr'd with Gems: A Sun adorns her Crest.
Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd Eyes
 Seraphic Hofts descend from opening Skies;
Beauty, who fways the Heart, and charms the
 Whose Tongue is Mufic, and whose Smile Delight;
 Whose Brow is Majesty; whose Bosom Peace;
 Who bad Creation be, and Chaos ceafe;
 Whose Breath perfumes the Spring; whose Eye
 Kindled the Sun, and gave its Light to fhine.
 Here in thy Likeness fair * *Ophelia* feen,
 She throws kind Luftre o'er th' enliven'd Green.
 Next her *Description*, robed in various Hues,
 Invites Attention from the pensive *Mufe*!

* Mrs. *Oldfield*.

The *Muse*!---she comes! refin'd the *Passions* wait,
And *Precept*, ever winning, wise, and great.

The *Muse*! a thousand *Spirits* wing the Air:
(Once *Men*, who made like *her* Mankind their
Inamour'd round her press th'inspiring Throng, [Care.)
And swell to Extacy her solemn Song.

Thus in the Dame each nobler Grace we find,
Fair *Wortley's* angel-Accent, Eyes, and Mind.
Whether her Sight the dew-bright Dawn surveys,
The Noon's dry Heat, or Evening's temper'd Rays,
The Hours of Storm, or Calm, the gleby Ground,
The corral'd Sea, gem'd Rock, or Sky profound,
A *Raphael's* Fancy animates each Line,
Each Image strikes with Energy divine;
Bacon, and *Newton* in her Thought conspire;
Not sweeter than her Voice is *Hendel's* Lyre.

My Hermit thus. She beckons us away :
Oh, let us swift the high Behest obey !

Now thro' a Lane, which mingling Tracts have
The Way unequal, and the Landscape lost, ^{[crost,}
We rove. The Warblers lively Tunes essay,
The *Lark* on Wing, the *Linnet* on the Spray.
While Music trembles in their songful Throats,
The *Bullfinch* whistles soft his flute-like Notes.
The bolder *Blackbird* swells sonorous Lays ;
The varying *Thrush* commands a tuneful Maze ;
Each a wild Length of Melody pursues ;
While the soft-murm'ring, am'rous *Wood-Dove* cooes.
And, when in Spring these melting Mixtures flow,
The *Cuckoo* sends her Unison of Woe.

But

But as smooth Seas are furrow'd by a Storm ;
As Troubles all our tranquil Joys deform ;
So, loud thro' Air, unwelcome Noises sound,
And Harmony's, at once, in Discord, drown'd.
From yon dark Cypress croaks the Raven's Cry ;
As dissonant the *Daw*, *Jay*, chatt'ring *Pye* :
The clam'rous *Crows* abandon'd Carnage seek,
And the harsh *Owl* shrills out a sharp'ning Shriek.

At the Lane's End a high-lath'd Gate's prefer'd,
To bar the Trespas of a vagrant Herd.
Fast by, a meagre Mendicant we find,
Whose ruffet Rags hang flutt'ring in the Wind :
Years bow his Back, a Staff supports his Tread,
And soft white Hairs shade thin his palsied Head.

Poor Wretch !---Is this for Charity his Haunt ?
He meets the frequent Slight, and ruthless Taunt.
On Slaves of Guilt oft smiles the squand'ring Peer ;
But passing knows not common Bounty here.
Vain thing ! in what dost thou superior shine ?
His our first Sire : what Race more ancient thine ?
Lest backward trac'd, he may his Lineage draw
From Men, whose Influence kept the World in awe :
Whose worthless Sons, like thee, perchance con-
[sum'd
Their ample Store, their Line to Want was doom'd.
So thine may perish by the course of Things,
While his from Beggars re-ascend to Kings.
Now *Lazar*, as thy Hardships I peruse,
On my own State instructed wou'd I muse.
When I view Greatness, I my Lot lament,
Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme Content.

I might have felt, did Heav'n not gracious deal,
A Fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But soft! the Cripple our Approach descries,
And to the Gate, tho' weak, officious hies.
I spring preventive, and unbar the Way,
Then, turning, with a Smile of Pity say,
Here, Friend! ---this little, copper Alms receive;
Instance of Will, without the Pow'r to give.
Hermit, if here with Pity we reflect,
How must we grieve, when Learning meets Neg-
[lect?
When God-like Souls endure a mean Restraint;
When gen'rous Will is curb'd by tyrant Want;
He truly feels what to Distress belongs,
Who, to his private, adds a People's Wrongs;
Merit's a Mark, at which Disgrace is thrown,
And ev'ry injur'd Virtue is his own.

Such their own Pangs with Patience here endure,
Yet there weep Wounds, they are denied to cure.
Thus rich in Poverty, thus humbly Great,
And tho' depress'd superior to their Fate.
Minions in Pow'r, and Misers, mid their Store,
Are mean in Greatness, and in Plenty poor.
What's Pow'r, or Wealth? Were they not form'd
A Spring for Virtue, and from Wrongs a Shade? ^{[for Aid,}
In Pow'r we salvage Tyranny behold,
And wily Av'rice owns polluted Gold.
From golden Sands her Pride cou'd *Lybia* raise,
Cou'd she, who spreads no Pasture, claim our Praise?
Loath'd were her Wealth, where rabid Monsters
Where Serpents, pamper'd, on her Venom, ^{[breed;} feed.
No sheltry Trees invite the Wand'rer's Eye,
No Fruits, no Grain, no Gums, her Tracts supply;

On her vast Wilds no lovely Prospects run ;
But all lies barren, tho' beneath the Sun.

My Hermit thus. I know thy Soul believes,
'Tis hard Vice triumphs, and that Virtue grieves ;
Yet oft Affliction purifies the Mind,
Kind Benefits oft flow from Means unkind.
Were the whole known, what we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, wou'd beauteous Symmetry disclose.
The naked Cliff, that singly rough remains,
In Prospect dignifies the fertile Plains ;
Lead-colour'd Clouds, in scatt'ring Fragments seen,
Shew, tho' in broken Views, the blue serene.
Severe Distresses Industry inspire ;
Thus Captives oft excelling Arts acquire,
And boldly struggle thro' a State of Shame,
To Life, Ease, Plenty, Liberty and Fame.

Sword-

Sword-law has often *Europe's* Ballance gain'd,
And one red Vict'ry Years of Peace maintain'd.
We pass thro' Want to Wealth, thro' dismal Strife
To calm Content, thro' Death to endless Life.
Lybia thou nam'st—Let *Africk's* Wastes appear
Curst by those Heats, that fructify the Year;
Yet the same *Suns* her Orange-Groves befriend,
Where clust'ring Globes in shining Rows depend.
Here when fierce Beams o'er with'ring Plants are
There the green Fruit seems ripen'd into Gold. [roll'd,
Ev'n Scenes, that strike with terrible Surprise,
Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
Sad wintry Blasts, that strip the Autumn, bring
The milder Beauties of a flow'ry Spring.
Ye sulph'rous Fires in jaggy Lightnings break!
Ye Thunders rattle, and ye Nations shake!

Ye Storms of riving Flame the Forest tear !

Deep crack ye Rocks ! rent Trees be whirl'd in
[Air !
Rest at a Stroke, some stately Fane we'll mourn ;

Her Tombs wide-shatter'd, and her Dead up-torn ;

Were noxious Spirits not from Caverns drawn,

Rack'd Earth wou'd soon in Gulphs enormous
[yawn :
'Then all were lost !---Or shou'd we floating view

The baleful Cloud, there wou'd Destruction brew ;

Plague, Fever, Frenzy close-engend'ring lie,

'Till these red Ruptures clear the sullied Sky.

Now a Field opens to enlarge my Thought,

In parcell'd Tracts to various Uses wrought.

Here hard'ning Ripeness the first Blooms behold,

There the last Blossoms Spring-like Pride unfold.

Here swelling Peas on leafy Stalks are seen,

Mix'd Flow'rs of Red and Azure shine between ;

Whose

Whose waving Beauties, heighten'd by the Sun,
In colour'd Lanes along the Furrows run.

There the next Produce of a genial Shower,
The Bean fresh-blossoms in a speckled Flower;
Whose morning Dews, when to the Sun resign'd,
With undulating Sweets embalm the Wind.

Now daify Plats of Clover square the Plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless Grain.

There fibrous Flax with Verdure binds the Field,
Which on the Loom shall art-spun Labours yield.

The Mulb'ry, in fair summer Green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up, a filky Shade.

For human Taste the rich'd-stain'd Fruitage bleeds;
The Leaf the silk-emitting Reptile feeds.

As Swans their Down, as Flocks their Fleeces leave,
Here Worms for Man their glossy Entrails weave.

Hence

Hence to adorn the Fair, in Texture gay,
Sprigs, Fruits, and Flow'rs on figur'd Vestments
But *Industry* prepares them oft to please [play :
The guilty Pride of vain, luxuriant Ease.

Now frequent, dusty Gales offensive blow,
And o'er my Sight a transient Blindness throw.
Windward we shift. Near down th'etherial Steep,
The Lamp of Day hangs hov'ring o'er the Deep.
Dun Shades, in rocky Shapes up Ether roll'd,
Project long, shaggy Points, deep-ting'd with Gold.
Others take faint th'unripen'd Cherry's Die,
And paint amusing Landscapes on the Eye.
There blue-veil'd Yellow, thro' a Sky serene,
In swelling Mixture forms a floating Green.
Streak'd thro' white Clouds a mild Vermilion shines,
And the Breeze freshens, as the Heat declines.

Yon crooked, funny Roads change rising Views
From brown, to sandy-red, and chalky Hues.
One mingled Scene another quick succeeds,
Men, Chariots, Teams, yok'd Steers, and prancing
Which climb, descend, and, as loud Whips resound, [Steeds,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal Ground.
On winding *Thames*, reflecting radiant Beams,
When Boats, Ships, Barges mark the roughen'd
This Way, and that, they diff'rent Points pursue; [Streams,
So mix the Motions, and so shifts the View.
While thus we throw around our gladden'd Eyes,
The Gifts of Heav'n in gay Profusion rise;
Trees rich with Gums, and Fruits; with Jewels
Plains with Flow'rs, Herbs, and Plants, and Beeves, [Rocks;
Mountains with Mines; with Oak, and Cedar, [and Flocks;
Quarries with Marble, and with Fish the Floods. [Woods;

In dark'ning Spots, mid Fields of various Dies,
Tilth new-manur'd, or naked Fallow lies.
Near Uplands fertile Pride enclos'd display,
The green Grafs yellowing into scentful Hay,
And thick-set Hedges fence the full-ear'd Corn,
And Berries blacken on the virid Thorn.
Mark in yon Heath oppos'd the cultur'd Scene,
Wild Thyme, pale Box, and Firs of darker green.
The native Strawberry red-ripening grows,
By Nettles guarded, as by Thorns the Rose.
There Nightingales in unprun'd Copfes build,
In shaggy Furzes lies the Hare conceal'd.
'Twixt Ferns, and Thistles, unfown Flow'rs amuse,
And form a lucid Chase of various Hues ;
Many half-grey with Dust : Confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich Year, and lead the wand'ring Eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flow'ry Plain,
 The *Muse* preceding with her heav'nly Train.
 When, lo! the Mendicant, so late behind,
 Strange View! now journeying in our Front we
 And yet a View more strange our Heed demands; [find!
 Touch'd by the *Muse's* Wand transform'd he
 O'er Skin late-wrinkled, instant Beauty spreads; [stands.
 The late-dimm'd Eye a vivid Lustre sheds;
 Hairs, once so thin, now graceful Locks decline;
 And Rags, now chang'd, in regal Vestments shine.

The Hermit thus. In him the *BARD* behold,
 Once seen by Midnight's Lamp in Winter's Cold;
 The *Bard*, whose Want so multiplied his Woes,
 He sunk a Mortal, and a Seraph rose.

See!---where those stately Yew-Trees darkling
And, waving o'er yon Graves, brown Horrors
Scornful he points---there, o'er his sacred Dust,
Arise the sculptur'd Tomb, and labour'd Bust.
Vain Pomp ! bestow'd by ostentatious Pride,
Who to a Life of Want Relief deny'd.

But thus the *Bard*. Are these the Gifts of
Gifts unreceiv'd !---These? Ye ungen'rous Great !
How was I treated when in Life forlorn?
My Claim your Pity ; but my Lot your Scorn.
Why were my studious Hours oppos'd by Need?
In me did Poverty from Guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary Authors wrong,
And deem their Worth, but as they priz'd my Song?
Did I sooth Vice, or venal Strokes betray
In the low-purpos'd, loud, polemic Fray?

Did e'er my Verse immodest Warmth contain,
Or, once licentious, heav'nly Truths prophane?
Never.---And yet when Envy sunk my Name,
Who call'd my shadow'd Merit into Fame?
When undeserv'd a Prison's Grate I saw,
What Hand redeem'd me from the wrested Law?
Who cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Why crush'd the Living? Why extoll'd the Dead?
But foreign Languages adopt my Lays,
And distant Nations shame you into Praise.
Why shou'd *unrelisb'd* Wit these Honours cause?
Custom, not Knowledge, dictates your Applause:
Or think you thus a self-Renown to raise,
And mingle your Vain-Glories with my Bays?
Be Your's the mould'ring Tomb! Be mine the Lay
Immortal!---Thus he scoffs the Pomp away.

Tho' Words like these unletter'd Pride impeach,
 To the meek Heart he turns with milder Speech.
 Tho' now a Seraph, oft he deigns to wear
 The Face of human Friendship, oft of Care ;
 To walk disguis'd an Object of Relief,
 A learn'd, good Man, long exercis'd in Grief ;
 Forlorn, a friendless Orphan oft to roam,
 Craving some kind, some hospitable Home ;
 Or, like *Ulysses*, a low Lazar stand,
 Beseeching Pity's Eye, and Bounty's Hand ;
 Or, like *Ulysses*, Royal Aid request,
 Wand'ring from Court to Court, a King distressed.
 Thus varying Shapes, the seeming Son of Woe
 Eyes the cold Heart, and Hearts that gen'rous
 Then to the *Muse* relates each lordly Name, ^{[glow ;}
 Who deals impartial Infamy, and Fame.

Oft, as when Man, in mortal State depress'd,
His Lays taught Virtue, which his Life confess'd,
He now forms visionary Scenes below,
Inspiring Patience in the Heart of Woe;
Patience that softens every sad Extreme,
That casts thro' Dungeon-Glooms a chearful Gleam,
Disarms Disease of Pain, mocks Slander's Sting,
And strips of Terrors the terrific King,
'Gainst *Want*, a sourer Foe, its Succour lends,
And smiling sees th' Ingratitude of Friends.

Nor are these Tasks to him alone consign'd,
Millions invisible befriend Mankind.
When watry Structures, seen cross Heav'n t'ascend,
Arch above Arch in radiant Order bend,
Fancy beholds, a-down each glitt'ring Side,
Myriads of missionary Seraphs glide;

She

She fees good Angels genial Show'rs beftow
From the red Convex of the dewy Bow.
They fmile upon the Swain : He views the Prize ;
Then grateful bends, to blefs the bounteous Skies.
Some collect Winds, and fend propitious Gales
Oft where *Britannia's* Navy fpreads her Sails ;
There ever wafting, on the Breath of Fame,
Unequal'd Glory in her *Sovereign's* Name.
Some teach young Zephyrs vernal Sweets to bear,
And float the balmy Health on ambient Air ;
Zephyrs, that, oft where Lovers lift'ning lie,
Along the Grove in melting Mufic die,
And in lone Caves to Minds poetic roll
Seraphic Whifpers, that abtract the Soul.
Some range the Colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philofophic Eye,

The flaming *Red*, that pains the dwelling Gaze;
The stainless, lightsome *Yellow's* gilding Rays;
The clouded *Orange*, that betwixt them grows,
And to kind Mixture tawny Lustre owes;
All-chearing *Green*, that gives the Spring its Dye;
The bright, transparent *Blue*, that robes the Sky;
And *Indico*, which shaded Light displays;
And *Violet*, which in the View decays.
Parental Hues, whence Others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countless Breed;
Unravel'd, variegated Lines of Light,
When blended, dazzling in promiscuous *White*.
Oft thro' these Bows departed Spirits range,
New to the Skies, admiring at their Change;
Each Mind a Void, as when first-born to Earth,
Beheld a second Blank in second Birth;

Then,

Then, as yon *Seraph-Bard* fram'd Hearts below,
Each sees him here transcendant Knowledge show.
New Saints he tutors into Truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapt'rous Love the new-form'd Mind.
He swells the Lyre, whose loud, melodious Lays
Call high *Hosannas* from the Voice of Praise ;
Tho' one bad Age such Poësy cou'd wrong,
Now Worlds around retentive roll the Song :
Now God's high Throne the full-voic'd Raptures
Cœlestial Hofts returning Strain for Strain. [gain,

Thus he, who once knew Want without Relief,
Sees Joy resulting from well-suff'ring Grief.
Hark ! while we talk, a distant, patt'ring Rain
Refounds ! — See ! up th'etherial Plain
Shoots the bright Bow !---The Seraph flitts away ;
The *Muse*, the Graces from our View decay.

Behind

J

Behind yon western Hill the Globe of Light
Drops sudden; fast-pursued by Shades of Night.

Yon Graves from winter-Scenes to Mind recall
Rebellion's Council, and Rebellion's Fall.

What Fiends in sulph'rous, Car-like Clouds up-
What midnight Treason glar'd beneath their View? ^{[flew?}

And now the Traytors rear their *Babel* Schemes,
Big, and more big, stupendous Mischief seems;
But *Justice*, rous'd, superior Strength employs,
Their Scheme wide-shatters, and their Hope de-
Discord she wills; the missile Ruin flies; ^{[stroys.}

Sudden, unnatural Debates arise,
Doubt, mutual Jealousy, and dumb Disgust,
Dark-hinted Mutt'rings, and avow'd Distrust;

To secret Ferment is each Heart resign'd ;
Suspicion hovers in each clouded Mind ;
They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile,
And Wrath to Wrath oppose, and Guile to Guile ;
Wrangling they part, themselves themselves be-
Each dire Device starts naked into Day ; [tray ;
They feel Confusion in the Van with Fear ;
They feel the King of Terrors in the Rear.

Of these were Three by diff'rent Motives fir'd,
Ambition One, and One Revenge inspir'd.
The Third, O *Mammon*, was thy meaner Slave ;
Thou Idol seldom of the Great, and Brave.

Florio, whose Life was one continu'd Feast,
His Wealth diminish'd, and his Debts increas'd,

Vain Pomp, and Equipage his low Desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual Bliss aspires;
He, to repair by Vice what Vice has broke,
Durst with bold Treasons Judgment's Rod provoke.
His Strength of Mind, by Lux'ry half-dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the Woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his Hands, and sends unmanly Cries,
Arraigns his Judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for Mercy pleads;
Now blames Associates, raves with inward Strife,
Upbraids himself; then thinks alone on Life.
He rolls red-swelling, tearful Eyes around,
Sore smites his Breast, and sinks upon the Ground.
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied Ax, and thinks he dies :

Revives,

Revives, with Hope enquires, stops short with
Entreats ev'n Flatt'ry, nor the worst will hear ;
[Fear,

The worst, alas, his Doom !---- What Friend re-
Each speaks with shaking Head, and down-cast
[plies?
One Silence breaks, then pauses, drops a Tear ;
[Eyes.

Nor Hope affords, nor quite confirms his Fear ;

But what kind Friendship part reserves unknown

Comes thund'ring in his Keeper's furly Tone.

Enough---struck thro' and thro', in ghastly Stare,

He stands transfixt, the Statue of Despair ;

Nor ought of Life, nor ought of Death he knows,

Till Thought returns, and brings Return of Woes :

Now pours a Storm of Grief in gushing Streams :

That past-----Collected in himself he seems,

And with forc'd Smile retires ----- His latent
Dark, horrid, as the Prison's dismal Vault.
[Thought

If with himself at Variance ever-wild,
With angry Heav'n how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential Orisons arise ;
Nay he obtests the Justice of the Skies.
Not for his Guilt, for sentenc'd Life he moans ;
His Chains rough-clanking to discordant Groans,
To Bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking Doors,
Hoarse-echoing Walls, and hollow-ringing Floors,
To Thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One *Anarchy*, one *Chaos* of the *Mind*.

At length, fatigu'd with Grief, on Earth he lies :
But soon as Sleep weighs down th'unwilling Eyes,
Glad Liberty appears, no Damps annoy ;
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to Joy.

Proud Palaces their glitt'ring Stores display ;

Gain he pursues, and Rapine leads the Way.

What Gold ? What Gems ? — He strains to seize
Quick from his Touch dissolv'd, a Cloud it flies. [the Prize ;

Conscious he cries.—And must I wake to weep ?

Ah, yet return, return delusive Sleep !

Sleep comes ; but Liberty no more :----Unkind,

The Dungeon-Glooms hang heavy on his Mind.

Shrill Winds are heard, and howling Dæmons call ;

Wide-flying Portals seem unhing'd to fall ;

Then close with sudden Claps ; a dreadful Din !

He starts, wakes, storms, and all is Hell within.

His Genius flies----reflects he now on Prayer ?

Alas ! bad Spirits turn those Thoughts to Air.

What shall he next ? What, straight relinquish
To bar a publick, just, tho' shameful Death ? [Breath,

Rash, horrid Thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murd'rous he strikes-----May Heav'n the Deed
[forgive!

Why had he thus false Spirit to rebel?
And why not Fortitude to suffer well?
Were his Success, how terrible the Blow?
And its Recoil on him eternal Woe.
Heav'n this Affliction then for Mercy meant,
That a good End might close a Life mispent.

Where no kind Lips the hallow'd Dirge resound,
Far from the Compass of yon sacred Ground;
Full in the Center of three meeting Ways,
Stak'd thro' he lies.-----Warn'd let the Wicked
[gaze!

Near yonder Fane, where Mis'ry sleeps in Peace,
Whose Spire fast-lessens, as these Shades encrease,

Left

Left to the North, whence oft brew'd Tempests
 Tempests, dire Emblems, *Cosmo*, of thy Soul! ^{[roll,}

There mark that *Cosmo*, much for Guile renown'd!

His Grave by unbid Plants of Poison crown'd.

When out of Pow'r, thro' him the Publick Good,

So strong his factious Tribe, suspended stood.

In Pow'r, vindictive Actions were his Aim,

And Patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous Flame.

If the best Cause he in the Senate chose,

Ev'n Right in him from some wrong Motive rose.

The Bad he loath'd, and wou'd the Weak despise;

Yet courted for dark Ends, and shun'd the Wise.

When ill his Purpose, eloquent his Strain;

His Malice had a Look, and Voice humane.

His Smile, the Signal of some vile Intent,

A private Ponyard, or empoison'd Scent;

Proud, yet to popular Applause a Slave ;
No Friend he honour'd, and no Foe forgave.
His Boons unfrequent, or unjust to Need ;
The Hire of Guilt, of Infamy the Meed,
But if they chanc'd on Learned Worth to fall,
Bounty in him was Ostentation all.
No true Benevolence his Thought sublimes,
His noblest Actions are illustrious Crimes.
Fine Parts, which Virtue might have rank'd with
Enhance his Guilt, and magnify his Shame. [Fame,
When Parts, and Probity in Man combine,
In Wisdom's Eye, How charming must he shine?
Let him, less happy, Truth at least impart,
And what he wants in Genius bear in Heart.

Cosmo, as Death draws nigh, no more conceals
That Storm of Passions, which his Nature feels ;

He

He feels much Fear, more Anger, and most Pride ;
But Pride and Anger make all Fear subside.
Dauntless He meets at length untimely Fate ;
A desp'rate Spirit ! rather Fierce, than Great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary Coast,
A fullen, wand'ring, self-tormenting Ghost.

Where veiny Marble dignifies the Ground,
With Emblem fair in Sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing, length'ning Isle we find,
Full East ; whence God returns to judge Mankind,
Once-lov'd *Horatio* sleeps, a Mind elate !
Lamented Shade, *Ambition* was thy Fate !
Ev'n Angels, wond'ring, oft his Worth survey'd ;
Behold a Man, like One of Us ! they said.
Straight heard the Furies, and with Envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his Fall prepar'd :

First *Av'rice* came. In vain Self-Love she prefs'd ;
The Poor he pitied still, and still redrefs'd :
Learning was his, and Knowledge to commend,
Of Arts a Patron, and of Want a Friend.
Next came *Revenge* : But her Effay, how vain ?
Nor Hate, nor Envy, in his Heart remain.
No previous Malice cou'd his Mind engage,
Malice, the Mother of vindictive Rage.
No---from his Life his Foes might learn to live ;
He held it still a Triumph to forgive.
At length *Ambition* urg'd his Country's Weal,
Assuming the fair Look of publick *Zeal* ;
Still in his Breast so gen'rous glow'd the Flame,
The Vice, when there, a Virtue half became.
His pitying Eye saw Millions in Distress,
He deem'd it God-like to have Pow'r to bless ;

Thus,

Thus, when unguarded, Treason stain'd him o'er,
And Virtue, and Content were then no more.

But when to Death by rig'rous Justice doom'd,
His genuine Spirit Saint-like State resum'd.
Oft from soft Penitence distill'd a Tear;
Oft Hope in heav'nly Mercy lighten'd Fear;
Oft wou'd a Drop from struggling Nature fall,
And then a Smile of Patience brighten all.

He seeks in Heav'n a Friend, nor seeks in vain;
His guardian Angel swift descends again;
And Resolution thus bespeaks a Mind,
Not scorning Life, yet all to Death resign'd;
---Ye Chains, fit only to restrain the Will
Of common, desp'rate Veterans in Ill,

Tho' rankling on my Limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my rising Soul your Pressure wear?
No!--free as Liberty, and quick as Light,
To Worlds remote she takes unbounded Flight.
Ye Dungeon-Glooms, that dim corporeal Eyes,
Cou'd ye once blot her Prospect of the Skies?
No!--from her clearer Sight, ye fled away,
Like Error, pierc'd by Truths resistless Ray.
Ye Walls, that witness my repentant Moan!
Ye Echoes, that to midnight Sorrows groan!
Do I, in Wrath, to you of Fate complain?
Or once betray Fear's most inglorious Pain?
No!--Hail, twice hail then ignominious Death!
Behold how willing glides my parting Breath!
Far greater, better far,---Ay far indeed!
Like me, *have* suffer'd, and like me *will* bleed.

Apostles,

Apostles, Patriarchs, Prophets, Martyrs all,
Like me, once fell, nor murmur'd at their Fall.
Shall I, whose Days, at best, no Ill design'd,
Whose Virtue shone not, tho' I lov'd Mankind,
Shall I, now guilty Wretch, shall I repine?
Ah, no! to Justice let me Life resign!
Quick, as a Friend, wou'd I embrace my Foe!
He taught me Patience, who first taught me Woe;
But Friends are Foes, they render Woe severe,
For me they wail, from me extort the Tear.
Not those, yet-absent, missive Griefs controul;
These Periods weep, those rave, and these condole.
At Entrance shrieks a Friend, with pale Surprise;
Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies;
One gripes my Hand, one fobs upon my Breast!
Ah, who can bear?---It shocks, it murders Rest!

And

And is it your's, alas ! my Friends to feel ?

And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal ?

Is mine the Patience, your's the Bosom-strife ?

Ah ! wou'd rash Love lure back my Thoughts to
[Life ?

Adieu, dear, dang'rous Mourners ! swift depart !

Ah, fly me ! fly !----I tear ye from my Heart.

Ye Saints, whom Fears of Death cou'd ne'er
[controul,
In my last Hour compose, support my Soul !

See my Blood wash repented Sin away !

Receive, receive me to eternal Day !

With Words like these the destin'd Hero dies,
While Angels waft his Soul to happier Skies.

Distinction now gives way ; yet on we talk,
Full Darknefs deep'ning o'er the formless Walk.

Night

Night treads not with light Step the dewy Gale,
Nor bright-distends her Star-embroider'd Veil ;
Her leaden Feet inclement Damps distill,
Clouds shut her Face, black Winds her Vesture fill ;
An Earth-born Meteor lights the fable Skies,
Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.
So Pride, that rose from Dust to guilty Pow'r,
Glares out in vain, so Dust shall Pride devour.

Fishers, who yonder Brink by Torches gain,
With toothful Tridents strike the scaly Train.
Like Snakes in Eagles' Claws, in vain they strive,
When heav'd aloft, and quiv'ring yet-alive.

While here, methought, our Time in Converse
The Moon Clouds muffle'd, and the Night wore fast.
[pass'd,

At

At prowling Wolves was heard the Mastiff's Bay,
And the warn'd Master's Arms forbad the Prey.
Thus Treason steals, the Patriot thus descries,
Forth-springs the Monarch, and the Mischief flies.

Pale Glow-worms glimmer'd thro' the Depth of
Scatt'ring, like Hope thro' Fear, a doubtful Light.
[Night,

Lone *Philomela* tun'd the silent Grove,
With pensive Pleasure listen'd wakeful *Love*.
Half-dreaming *Fancy* form'd an Angel's Tongue,
And *Pain* forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.
The *Night-Crone*, with the Melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd;
But like the Man, whose frequent-stubborn Will
Resists what kind, seraphic Sounds instill;

Her

Her Heart the Love-inspiring Voice repell'd,
Her Breast with agitating Mischief swell'd ;
Which clos'd her Ear, and tempted to destroy
The tuneful Life, that charms with vertuous Joy.

Now fast we measure back the trackless Way ;
No friendly Stars directive Beams display.
But, lo !---a thousand Lights shoot instant Rays!
Yon kindling Rock reflects the startling Blaze.
I stand astonish'd---thus the Hermit cries,
Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd Surprise !
Still, must these Hours our mutual Converse claim,
And cease to echo still *Olympia's* Name ?
Grotts, Riv'lets, Groves *Olympia's* Name forget,
Olympia now no sighing Winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and those Hours no more,
Those am'rous Hours, that plaintive Echo's bore ?

Am I the same? Ah no!---Behold a Mind,
Unruffl'd, firm, exalted, and refin'd !
Late Months, that made the vernal Season gay,
Saw my Health languish off in pale Decay.
No racking Pain yet gave Disease a Date ;
No sad, presageful Thought preluded Fate :
Yet number'd were my Days---My destin'd End
Near, and more near---Nay, ev'ry Fear suspend !
I pass'd a weary, ling'ring, sleepless Night ;
Then rose, to walk in Morning's earliest Light :
But few my Steps---A faint, and cheerless few !
Refreshment from my flagging Spirits flew.
When, lo ! retir'd beneath a Cypress Shade,
My Limbs upon a flow'ry Bank I laid.
Soon by soft-creeping, murm'ring Winds compos'd,
A Slumber press'd my languid Eyes---they clos'd :

But

But clos'd not long,--- methought *Olympia* spoke ;
Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the Slumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighb'ring Wood,
Full in my View the shad'wy Charmer stood.
Rapt'rous I started up to clasp the Shade ;
But stagger'd, fell, and found my Vitals fade.
A mantling Chilnefs o'er my Bosom spread,
As if that Infant number'd with the Dead.
Her Voice now sent a far, imperfect Sound,
When in a swimming Trance my Pangs were
Still farther off she call'd---with soft Surprise,
I turn'd,---but void of Strength, and Aid to rise ;
Short, shorter, shorter yet, my Breath I drew :
Then up my struggling Soul unburthen'd flew.
Thus from a State, where Sin, and Grief abide,
Heav'n summon'd me to Mercy---thus I died.

He said. 'Th' Astonishment, with which I start,
Like bolted Ice runs shiv'ring thro' my Heart.
Art thou not mortal then? (I cried) But lo!
His Raiment lightens, and his Features glow!
In shady Ringlets falls a Length of Hair;
Embloom'd his Aspect shines, enlarg'd his Air.
Mild from his Eyes enliv'ning Glories beam;
Mild on his Brow fits Majesty supreme.
Bright Plumes of ev'ry Die, that round him flow,
Vest, Robe, and Wings in varied Lustre show.
He looks, and forward steps with Mien Divine;
A Grace celestial gives him all to shine.
He speaks---Nature is ravish'd at the Sound,
The Forests move, and Streams stand list'ning
[round!

Thus

Thus He. As Incorruption I assum'd,
As instant in immortal Youth I bloom'd !
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital Springs,
With diff'rent Lights discern'd the Form of Things ;
To Earth my Passions fell like Mists away,
And Reason open'd in eternal Day.
Swifter than Thought from World to World I flew,
Celestial Knowledge shone in ev'ry View.
My Food was Truth--what Transport cou'd I miss?
My Prospect all Infinitude of Bliss.
Olympia met me first, and, smiling Gay,
Onward to Mercy led the shining Way ;
As far transcendant to her wonted Air,
As her dear, wonted self to many a Fair !
In Voice, and Form, Beauty more beauteous shows,
And Harmony still more harmonious grows.

She points out Souls, who taught me Friendship's
 [Charms,
 They gaze, they glow, they spring into my Arms !
 Well-pleas'd, high Ancestors my View command ;
 Patrons, and Patriots all ; a glorious Band !
Horatio too, by well-borne Fate refin'd,
 Shone out white-rob'd with Saints, a spotless Mind !
 What once, below, Ambition made him miss,
 Humility here gain'd, a Life of Bliss !
 Tho' late, let Sinners then from Sin depart !
 Heav'n never yet despis'd the contrite Heart.
 Last shone, with sweet, exalted Lustre grac'd,
 The *SERAPH-BARD*, in highest Order plac'd !
 Seers, Lovers, Legislators, Prelates, Kings,
 All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
 Sweetness, and Strength his Look, and Lays em-
 [ploy,
 Greet Smiles with Smiles, and ev'ry Joy with Joy :

Charmful he rose; his ever-charmful Tongue
Joy to our second Hymeneals sung;
Still as we pass'd, the bright, celestial Throng
Hail'd us in social *Love*, and heav'nly Song.

Of that no more! my deathless Friendship see!
I come an Angel to the *Muse* and *Thee*.
These Lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
Are Emanations all of Forms Divine,
And here the *Muse*, tho' melted from thy Gaze,
Stands among Spirits, mingling Rays with Rays.
If thou would'st Peace attain, my Words attend,
The last, fond Words of thy departed Friend!
True Joy's a Seraph, that to Heav'n aspires,
Unhurt it triumphs mid celestial Quires.
But shou'd no Cares a mortal State molest,
Life were a State of Ignorance, at best.

Know then, if Ills oblige thee to retire,
Those Ills Solemnity of Thought inspire.
Did not the Soul abroad for Objects roam,
Whence cou'd she learn to call Ideas home ?
Justly to know thy self, peruse Mankind !
To know thy God, paint Nature on thy Mind !
Without such Science of the worldly Scene,
What is Retirement ? empty Pride, or Spleen :
But with it Wisdom. There shall Cares refine,
Render'd by *Contemplation* half-divine.
Trust not the frantick, or mysterious Guide,
Nor stoop a Captive to the Schoolman's Pride.
On Nature's Wonders fix alone thy Zeal !
They dim not Reason, when they Truth reveal ;
So shall Religion in thy Heart endure,
From all traditionary Falshood pure ;

So Life make Death familiar to thy Eye ;
So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die ;
And, tho' thou view'st thy worst Oppressor thrive,
From transient Woe, immortal Bliss derive.
Farewell----Nay stop the parting Tear !----I go !
But leave the *Muse* thy Comforter below.
He said. Instant his Pinions upward soar,
He less'ning as they rise, till seen no more.

While *Contemplation* weigh'd the mystic View,
The Lights all vanish'd, and the Vision flew.

F I N I S.

E R R A T U M.

Page 123, Line 14. for *th' etherial*, read *the broad etherial*.



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